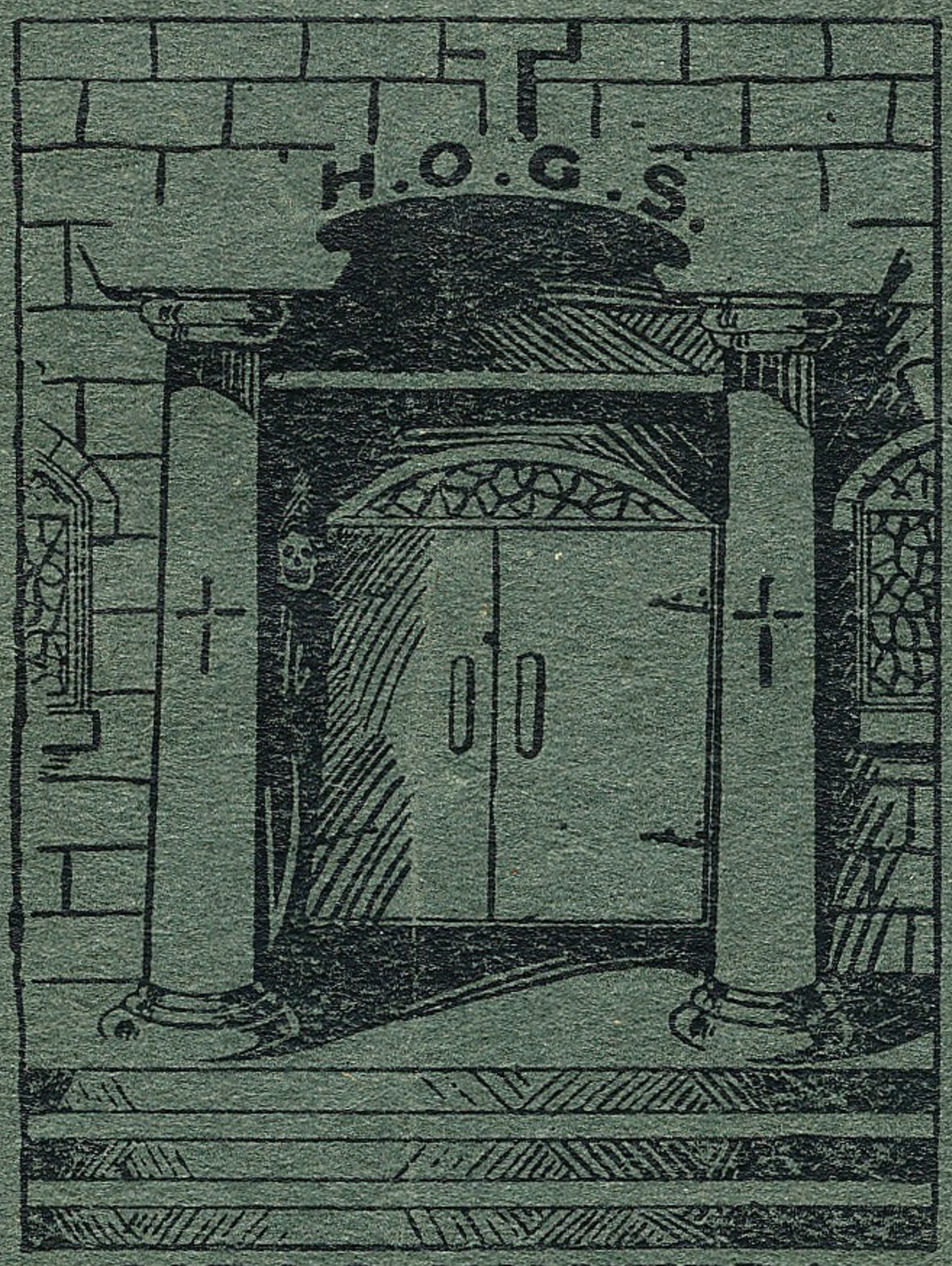
REAL ROMANISM REVEALED

By SELIM SAXTON



GIRLS WANTED!

A. E. Belstrom

REAL

ROMANISM REVEALED

A Revealment of Actual Practices in Vogue Behind
the Prison Walls of the Catholic Slave Pens
Hypocritically Termed

THE HOUSE *of the* GOOD SHEPHERD

BY SELIM SAXTON.

Foreword By

WILFRED LANGDON STRANGE.

From the Press of
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FOREWORD.

TO THE PROTESTANT PUBLIC:

This is not a fairy tale of fiction, but a vivid portrayal of **actual facts** as recorded under oath in one of the established Courts of our Country.

There is a sinister influence at work in this fair land, which if not checked and uprooted, will eventually destroy every vestige of American Liberty.

The very fountain-heads of American freedom and democratic idealism—our Public Schools—are being poisoned.

The Courts of our Country, from the lowest to the highest, are being coerced and corrupted.

There is an "Invisible Government" already established in this country, which bids defiance to established authority, and sets at naught the Constitution which guarantees to every loyal citizen the right to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Our Criminal Courts and Police Departments—some of them ignorantly, some through fear, others gladly, willingly and conspiringly—are being made the official agencies whereby Rome colonizes and populates her prison pens and slave warrens, which she blasphemously and hypocritically terms "House of Good Shepherd."

The representatives of the people, in State Legislatures and in our National Congress are brow-beaten,

badgered, intimidated and coerced into doing the bidding of Rome, through the thousands of parasites she employs in her "Secret Service."

In every community wherein is found one of Rome's Hell-Holes known as "House of God Shepherd" may be found a duplicate of what is pictured and revealed in this volume, in many instances largely accentuated, and this hideous and revolting condition will continue until Protestant America awakens and batters down the illegal prison walls Rome has erected to conceal her criminal bestiality.

The old-time slave enjoyed a paradise compared with the toil, misery and degradation under which the hapless and helpless victims of this hideous monstrosity drag out a hopeless existence.

This nation gave lavishly of blood and treasure to uproot slavery, not because of a few isolated cases of cruelty, but because the PRINCIPLE was wrong, and yet despite the moral awakening that brought about such a change, we have allowed an alien power to build upon our blood-bought soil institutions of servitude so debased, so degraded, so utterly conscienceless and inhuman that the finite mind is paralyzed, and the human tongue is stricken dumb with inability to express the immeasureable infamy of these slaughter-houses of Satan.

SHALL THIS BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE? If not, then wherein lies the remedy, and the POWER TO ADMINISTER IT?

TO THE WOMEN of America more than to any other influence, the Protestant Church today owes its

high standing. Through all the innumerable vicissitudes of its existence they have stood loyally by the PRINCIPLE involved, and have established that principle as a living factor in every well-ordered community.

TO THE WOMEN of America the author of this appeal looks for relief, in behalf of the thousands of her enslaved sisters—shal she plead in vain?

WOMEN of America, to you have been given the equality, the privilege and the authority of suffrage. You have it within your power now to RIGHT this wrong, and to sweep forever from this great Protestant Nation, every vestige of Romanistic, Paganistic lust, avarice and autocracy. You owe it to yourselves as American Citizens; as Mothers, Wives, Sisters, Daughters; to your children and your children's children; to EVERY MEMBER of your sex; to the millions yet unborn who without your timely, Christian effort will fall helpless victims of this unholy and damnable octopus that fattens upon the blood and tears of the friendless and unprotected.

When one is nominated for public office, Educational, Municipal, State or National, make it YOUR BUSINESS to sound him out and KNOW just where he or she stands on this, the most absorbing, VITAL question that our country faces this day.

MAKE IT PLAIN to every nominee, that the first, last and paramount issue is Americanism; that one must be ONE HUNDRED PER CENT American, if the people of this country are to entrust their liberties to his or her keeping.

HAVE IT FULLY UNDERSTOOD that there is

no MIDDLE ground; that one who gives to any foreign power, temporal or spiritual, greater allegiance, holds it in higher respect or considers it paramount or superior to the established law of this country, is NOT an American Citizen in the true meaning of the term, is NOT worthy to represent the true citizen in any capacity, and WILL NOT BE ALLOWED SO TO DO.

Place in the hands of every nominee a copy of this book—sworn evidence of the baleful existence of this sinister enemy—and demand in unequivocal terms a statement as to inclinations, intents and purposes, and on that statement let that nominee rise or fall as a matter of Protestant American Principle in this Protestant American Nation.

This is an APPEAL TO THE PROTESTANT WOMANHOOD OF AMERICA from one whose bruised, broken, blood-stained body presents irrefutable evidence of the CRIMINAL practices of this unspeakable BEAST.

In the name of God, Home and Country, HEED HER CRY in behalf of thousands who are now helpless; crushed and mangled between the upper and nether millstones of Roman Lust and Hypocrisy.

DO THIS, and when your stewardship is ended, be assured that the prayer of thousands whom your Christian courage and devotion have released and saved from Roman bondage will have reached the Throne of Grace ere your coming, and sweet as the twilight song of Seraphs will fall upon your ravished ears the welcome greeting and plaudit, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

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CHAPTER ONE.

AN APPEAL FROM WOMANHOOD TO WOMANHOOD.

I

No nation has yet risen to a higher plane in the scale of civilization than the estimate it placed upon its womanhood. Some nations, as some organizations and individuals, have disregarded the sacredness of this jewel, and their reputation and achievements show what has happened to them.

Like a precious stone set in the ring, the lustre of the light of womanhood, the gentle touch of its hand, the sacredness surrounding its office furnishes a well-spring of inspiration for mankind to be and to do the great things in life.

Disfigure, disregard, degrade this gem Almighty God has set in human nature, and no amount of human genius can make a nation or a people great beyond what mere brute power may call greatness.

II

During the awful war from which we so recently emerged the nations of the world were morally paralyzed at the atrocities the Huns committed against the womanhood so unfortunate as to fall within the reach of the Prussian's unholy march.

The world hung its head in shame as the German armies conscripted the man power of Belgium and ravished, murdered and starved the womanhood of that brave little nation.

How our sympathies go out to the suffering womanhood left in the wake of this cruel war! How the tender emotions of the feminine world's heart has been stirred these past recent years at the inhuman wrongs perpetrated upon the mothers and sisters in the war zone!

How the tender soul of American womanhood revolted at the hideous crimes committed against their sisters of other lands!

How we mothers wondered as we prayed at the patience of an Allwise Providence that it could refrain from exerting itself in their behalf!

How we rejoiced when our own sons were called to the colors to go "over there" and emancipate womanhood, and place it upon the lofty pedestal of righteous reverence safe from the unholy traffic of demons in human form!

III

But sisters of America, we need to mourn yet more. The time of mourning is not over. The days of sackcloth and ashes for our sex are still upon us. I would not for one moment leave the impression that your help and sympathy have not been well expended, but in the name of the sacredness of our womanhood, for the sake of some millions of our sex held in the wicked embrace of deception, incarcerated in prisons through the evil machinations of covetous men, surrounded by massive walls and securely barred doors and windows, inveigled

by a power playing on the most tender emotions known to mankind, I am now appealing to you for these enslaved millions swept into a wily net woven in the nether world, and robbed forever of that privilege belonging to womanhood, and which sweetens life's burdens here on earth.

As the Son of Man stood on the Mount of Olives and wept for his people whom he saw held in the gruesome embrace of sin, so my womanly instinct stands on the sacred ground of womanhood and weeps for these enslaved sisters who are denied the freedom of God's open sunlight and fresh air, who are denied the blessed title we call motherhood, who are held and deceived by a system as heartless as it is avaricious.

The German armies have been inhuman, but it was in time of fearful warfare. This may have afforded them a tinge of excuse to palliate their crimes, but those for whom I plead are being misused in times of peace, pleasure and plenty. The Hun has attempted to hide behind the exigencies of war, but the salvation, the freer life, the greater liberty was brought by Jesus Christ to the world and He does not require that the choicest part of God's handiwork should be confined behind prison bars in order to attain the blessings and the benefits that Christ brought to mankind.

He himself declares, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Not a jot or tittle in his prescribed curriculum demands the punishment of the human body in order to gain his favor.

Yet these sisters go on weeping and dying in a land of wealth and altruism.

IV

Among the multiplicity of agencies the Roman Catholic System employs in the propagation of its work, two stand out preeminently above all the rest.

Let me tarry here to say that the term Roman Catholic System means the Papal Hierarchy, which in turn means those at the head of the propagation of the Romish faith, i. e. the Pope, the Cardinals, the Archbishops and the Bishops. No one below the rank of the last named official has either lot or part in the administration of the affairs of that System.

The two leading characteristics I have intimated as being the more prominent in the Roman Catholic system are not altogether uncommon in the aspirations of men who are not connected with the system of Popery, yet I defy a just comparison to the tactics the Papal system employs to gain its end.

These strong arms of the System are the almighty dollar and political power. They fit as a wheel within a wheel, and cooperate with each other that they both may conduce to the power and financial benefit of the System.

I am conscious that I do not over tint the picture I am attempting to draw when I say that the Papal sysem employs every scheme known to the genius of mankind to acquire money.

From selling liquor, to cheap forms of gambling, with the roulette wheel; from trafficking in old bones to clipping and selling the beautiful tresses that grow on the heads of its female devotees; from the maintaining an imaginary purgatory to selling scraps of the cloak

of the Christ; from placing a large mortgage on certain property that a plea may be made to get Protestant money to redeem it, to bartering the milk that came from the breasts of the Virgin Mary, this System is gathering funds to fill its coffers.

Like sheep led dumb before the shearers, the innocent, honest Roman Catholic laity contribute of their earnings, earnest in the belief that it is for the glory of their God who demands such service of them, though the facts in the case are they are merely being used as a means to an end, and that end is the almighty dollar.

The incense of human suffering, the smoke of earnest sacrifice, the pains from bodily ills have no influence with the System in moving it toward leniency. Like unto the Egyptian task masters, with upraised lash they demand bricks without straw when complaint is registered.

These inhuman demons do not hesitate at gathering its wealth from the labor of children and young women, as well as from men who are strong and amply able to earn and pay. From the greatest to the least, from the strongest to the weakest, duty is levied and duty is collected.

Questionable as are the greater part of the schemes to get money employed by the Papal system, there is one that for unadulterated infamy outranks all others. I shudder at the very thought of it. My heart aches as I contemplate the heinousness of it. The meanest gambling device known to man is a moral practice compared with it. The profession of the highwaymen is a virtuous pursuit when set along side of it.

I have marvelled in the quiet of my study that a

human being in this wide world could be so dead to the instincts of common humanity as to even think of acquiring gain from a source so supremely contemptible.

Young womanhood, a tender plant just putting forth its bud, innocent childhood growing into a world of illimitable possibilities and opportunity, turned into the rugged path of severe labor in order to enrich the most gigantic fraud the netherworld has yet spread forth.

VI

We have laws in this country regulating both woman and child labor. Good people foresaw that such protection was essential to society and health, hence such legislation was enacted as would prevent unscrupulous men from abusing those who because of necessity had to labor.

But the Papal system has not now, neither since its birth has it had any regard for any law on the statute books. In fact it is one of the laws it plainly lays down that if within the course of human action the civil laws seems to come into conflict with the laws of the System, its laws must be obeyed.*

*—Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, in one of his addresses some time ago said, "The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."

The Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, dated Dec. 4th, 1864 declares: "It is an error to hold that in case of conflicting laws between two powers (the Papal church and the state), the civil law ought to prevail."

In the Encyclical of Leo VIII January 10th, 1890, that dignitary teaches the same doctrine when he says:

"Cases happen in which the state demands one thing from the citizen, and religion the opposite from Christians (Roman Catholics), . . . No one, however, can doubt which is to receive the preference. It is an impious deed to break the laws of Jesus Christ for the purpose of obeying the magistrates, or to transgress the laws of the church under pretext of observing civil law."

The System can work young woman and frail children sixteen hours per day for months, years or even a life time, and the laws governing such action stand unenforced on the statute books of our great commonwealths.

Then too, we have laws governing sanitation of places where labor is employed. Health is a mighty asset in industries where labor is largely used, hence every precaution is taken to safeguard those who are employed in those institutions. The Papal system works hundreds of thousands of human beings made in the very image of the eternal God, and that too under sanitary conditions the public would term unthinkable.

Filth, vermin, disease germs are small barriers in the mad march of the Papal system toward the acquisition of wealth.

Human life in the mind of the System is a very small thing, for it knows its army of procurers and procuresses stationed every where can keep the ranks filled and furnished with victims as fast as they are needed.

The organization is so complete that it is not uncommon to kidnap both children and young women on the streets of our cities, and place them in the sweat

shops of the System to take the places of those whom disease has consumed.

Sanitary conditions cost money to install and maintain, hence it is cheaper to kidnap, and inveigle Municipal courts to commit victims, than it is to spend real money for the protection of those who labor.

VII

Although under the guise of maintaining reformatories and educational institutions, the Papal System is profiting from the labor of hundreds of thousands of girls and children right here in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

This vast army of laborers, enriching annually to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is worked directly contrary to law, contrary to the laws of health, contrary to the laws of humanity, contrary to the laws of God. Helpless, defenseless beings are harnessed up as so many dumb brutes, and made to turn out grists that in turn bring monetary profit to the foreign system we call Popery.

Under the claim of reform and religion these slaves of the "Gold Smiths" are worked at menial tasks, while a host of church dignitaries loll in luxury. I said this was a FOREIGN institution. So it is, but it owns and holds from one to two billions of property under the protection of the Stars and Stripes upon which it does not pay one penny of taxes, state or national. To add to this almost incalculable sum, American women and children are locked up in prisons and made to earn more money to buy more property to escape more taxation. The very

life blood of our citizens entitled to the protection of the state and nation is being drawn that this Sysem may increase its holdings in our land, free of taxation.

VIII.

It sometimes transpires that the penalty for great crimes calls for both confinement and hard labor as a punishment, but the victims I have here presented have been convicted of no great crimes.

None claim to be hardened criminals sinning beyond the pale of redemption. To be sure some of them may have been detected in some minor offence, but the larger part of them are taken up and railroaded to these slave pens with no accusation of disobedience to law lodged against them.

Some of them are young girls deceived by some man whom they have over trusted, but their crime does not call for a life of misery in a slave pen to expiate their sin, while the man goes free to enjoy the air and the sunshine, and repeat his crime.

In God's name, in motherhood's sacred name, in humanity's name I ask shall we keep silent when this fearful condition obtains right under our eyes, that the treasury of a foreign corporation be enriched by the misfortunes of our unfortunate girls and children?

IX.

I read in the daily press reports last week of a wealthy steel manufacturer of Chicago who had just lost one hundred thousand dollars through the scheme of some confidence man. The loss did not impress me

seriously because this prominent business man was competent to take care of himself and recuperate from the loss he sustained.

Not so in the case we are considering. These victims are poor girls and children totally incompetent either financially or otherwise to care for themselves or to engage assistance to plead their cause.

The system of Popery is sufficiently wise to know this and to profit by it to the very limit. It selects such persons as have few or no friends and less financial means and still less ability to cope with the world, and on that sort of material it has been and is today fattening the world over.

Decency and common humanity find no term by which we can express our utter contempt for a system, robed in the regalia of a soul saving institution, that will practice such unthinkable deception to cover up its diabolical purposes in order to reap financial gain from such a source.

One can almost see the imps in the Satanic realm blush at so base treason to the common principles of humanity. Yet sisters of America, this is being done in my city, in your city and all over this broad land.

X.

In the next following chapter I purpose sketching the supposedly spiritual institutions of the Papal system and show in a faint way one method of securing vast wealth accruing from a source we have all along been led to believe was wholly dedicated to Almighty God Himself.

I am doing this as a mother, not as one who has some spite to satisfy. I am doing it in the interest of my Roman Catholic sisters whose daughters supply part of this human slave traffic that is being carried on by these "Gods of the Goldsmith."

I am doing this as a personal appeal to every mother in the land to unite and open the doors of these institutions, and let these inmates come out into the glorious sunshine of the world and be just natural women with no handicap to tie them away from this beautiful world with its flowers and its pure air.

CHAPTER TWO.

WILL YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY?

I.

The student of history already knows that Monachism is purely a pagan institution in existence ages before the Papal system was ever heard of. The idea of shutting one's self up and away from the society of human folk was practiced long before the Christian era.

Long before Christianity came into the world religious persons connected with the old heathen religions resorted to their monasteries and convents for the ostensible purpose of meditation on the will of the gods.

The Vestal Virgins of the Romans had their counterpart in the Vestal Virgins of the Peruvian Incas and both served the same purpose in the systems of religion of these nations.

While history throws out some very broad hints more polite than elegant as to the real purpose of these institutions, my research rather extended in its scope as it has been, has failed to satisfy my mind as to any useful purpose such institutions then served or now serve.

As the old pagan religious leaders told us, just so

does the Papal system tell us that those confined behind the walls of convents are preparing for an abundant entrance in the life to come.

If this is the only way to inherit eternal life, then some nine hundred and ninety-nine per cent of the human race are lost. If this process is the way to God, then why does not the System advocate that all mankind practice it as a means to salvation? If those who enter the convent could be saved in no other way, then we mothers outside can be saved in no other way, for there is but one way to be saved.

If Popery pleads that these places are well springs of uplift in the community, then why lock the doors and place heavy iron bars over the windows and erect an impassable high wall about the institution. I have heard high dignitaries in the Papal system argue that these measures are to keep the outsiders out, and it might be true, but why keep the outsiders out at all? If they are bubbling over with spiritual unction, we all know the world is in sad need of just that sort of thing.

If these prisons have a corner on salvation for the feminine set, then I am concerned as to what is to become of us mothers who are busy with our home cares, and with the children we have borne? I am witness to the fact that not a small per cent of these mothers are striving to serve God in an acceptable manner in their realm, unprotected by massive walls and bolted doors.

I know among them is a spirit of altruism bordering on the sublime.

I visit Roman Catholic mothers where the little ones are quite plentiful, and I am sure they are quite as duti-

ful to their religious obligations as they would likely be if they were incarcerated in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, or Atlanta, Georgia.

II.

The Papal Heirarchy cannot plead these convents are a support to the government of the United States, for they pay no taxes and own millions of dollars in real estate.

As I have already said they claim no community uplift, because the community is denied entrance except on stated occasions, and after they have been arranged for the occasion.

They are not places where one can go and visit with friends, because few of us enjoy visiting and conversing through a small opening, and that too with one of the nuns sitting behind a curtain listening to what we have to talk about. Possibly better I should abandon my questioning of the alleged purpose of the existence of these places, and devote my attention to what they really are.

III.

I know what the duties in these institutions are said to be, and I get my information not altogether from what a large number of those who have come out of them say, but from Roman Catholic books as well.

I have in my library a remarkable book published by a well known Roman Catholic publishing house bearings the rather unusual title "The Spouse of Jesus Christ." This most unusual volume is circulated largely among girls in their teens in the country districts,

whose opportunities for satisfying such ambitions as they may have to escape the humdrum of life about them by getting out into the world are limited.

I have read and reread this book and the more I digest it the plainer can I see the hidden stinger of the serpent.

In the chapter next preceding this I took occasion to refer to the mode of replenishing the Papal sweatshops and the victims chosen for that purpose.

However horrified some of my sisters may be at that revelation, it is by no means a circumstance compared to the measures resorted to to fill the convents of the Papal system.

For unthinkable deception, for subtleness in appeals to young womanhood, for craftiness in weaving the web about unsophisticated girlhood, for adroitness in concealing the stinger of the serpent that is to poison the lives of honest, untutored young women, for a net to catch the religiously inclined country girl or the girl in the town whose home environment is none too pleasant, I challenge the whole world to match it.

This volume pictures a garden of Eden without the serpent. It throws upon the mind of the trusting young girl a panorama colored with the very tints of the heavenly Jerusalem. Gold and sapphire and ruby and onyx, and every other jewel that the craftiness of the human mind can invest are set in the picture. To give it zest, a roadway leading from the heavenly kingdom is cut out and the angels ascend and descend in communion with the holy creatures within the walls of these holy places,

guarded by ponderous doors securely locked, and by steel bars across the windows.

Among the inmates in these convents is a harmony that breaks forth in glad hallelujahs to be taken up and echoed by the angels on high.

In the picture one can see the atmosphere surcharged with the incense of devotion emanating from these convents, and rising to the very throne of Jehovah on high. The supreme satisfaction of association with these inmates whets the rough edges off labor and makes it a pastime of delightsome joy. In the picture down toward the bottom I saw a black coffin into which the postulate is placed to signify that she has no more will of her own, that she has no more earthly ambition, that she renounces even God's flowers and his beautiful sunsets, signifying that the postulate rises from the gruesome death insignia into the bride of Jesus Christ and henceforth is to be in an entirely new atmosphere, above the world and separted from society, lest she become contaminated.

One can easily see how this book would excite the country lass whose scope of vision had hitherto been circumscribed.

In this burial and resurrection scene I have described I failed to mention one thing and that was, the burial took with it the **renunciation of any material interest the postulate might have in the inheritance that would legally accrue to the postulate on the death of parents or friends.** The significance of this will appear as we proceed in this chapter, though the impression given out

in the book is that the life inside the convent is too pure to admit of such things as money being thought of.

IV.

When I was in my teens, Mr. P. T. Barnum was the showman prince and came to our town almost every summer. Mr. Barnum claimed that the secret of his success in the show business was the discovery that the American people delighted in being humbugged.

Experience since that time has taught me that this is a truism from which my people have not escaped, and the older I grow the more I am inclined to accept Mr. Barnum's statement at its face value.

Were this not true the best and the sweetest womanhood and motherhood this side of heaven itself would unite in protest that would forever threw open these places, where more than one hundred thousand daughters of some mothers are incarcerated and give them the freedom they are entitled to enjoy and which a loving heavenly Father intended they should enjoy.

If being camouflaged were not an appetizing morsel, our strong menfolk would rise up in the power of their might and liberate these women, or at least ascertain if they were well treated, and entertained any desire for their liberty. They would no longer suffer an army of helpless children and young women now in the prison pens of a foreign institution to be worked inhumanly and heartlessly for the sake of filthy gain.

Quite sufficient evidence has come to the surface in recent years to warrant at least a searching investigation of these convents, and ascertain if even one of these

women is confined against her will, or is confined there because she is unfitted to take up the ordinary duties of life and live on the outside.

V.

There is another reason I might advance in my advocacy of the public knowing if these women are there against their wills, but I shall refrain from touching on it in this connection.

Every intelligent person knows that I have intimated quite sufficient to subject them to the most searching scrutiny relative to the inmates of such alien institutions, and if they are all right no one is hurt in the least.

If the great Baptist denomination should erect a massive institution in the suburbs of Minneapolis and circulate throughout the state a book similar to the Papal "Spouse of Jesus Christ" decoying innocent, inexperienced girlhood into it, am I not correct in saying that the people, both men and women, would rise up and force an opening of the doors that the world might know what was going on behind locked doors and barred windows?

We would then forget the priest or preacher-incited mobs, our business men would cease to fear the boycott on their business, and demand that such an institution be closed.

But we permit a foreign institution doing this very thing year after year, to manipulate our childhood and girlhood to grind out the grist that is to accrue to it the gain such labor returns.

CHAPTER THREE.

FINANCIAL ASPECT OF PAPAL NUNNERIES.

I.

In the last chapter before this I remarked that dollars, not souls, constituted the purpose of Popery in maintaining these conventual institutions. In this chapter I propose to show that these institutions are marvelously profitable from the standpoint of financial gain.

Against my assertion, papists argue that these convents are purely religious institutions sanctified and holy in the sight of the Lord.

I am not questioning the blind obedience and sincerity of the women who enter them and take the vows demanded, my object being to expose the underlying principle, uncover the monumental deception, lay bare the base fraud upon which these institutions stand.

If the inmates are fully satisfied and can fully convince the public mind that they are absolutely content with their lot, and that they are not held in these places against their will under threat of losing their immortal souls; if the Papal hierarchy can convince the world that there is a valid excuse for the existence of these places, that is one thing.

On the other hand, unless these covenants can con-

vincingly defend themselves and give a reasonable reason as to why the inmates are confined under lock and steel bars; unless they will show cause why the inmates are not permitted to mix with humanity as free citizens, then it is the patriotic and religious duty of every citizen to bombard the citadel of this dense secrecy and find out if these two and one half million of daughters of mothers are confined in prison, live their lives of a few years, die and go to the grave without a friend to pity, a tender hand to smooth the dying pillow.

If these convents, all of which are sanctioned by the managers of the Roman Catholic system, are merely financial institutions maintained for the purpose of enriching a foreign corporation; if our pure and innocent girlhood is being ensnared into these places by means of false statements, which is without any shadow of doubt the truth; if they are required to bequeath to these institutions their ambition, their wills, their service, grace, fortune, and even the **very hair** that adorns their heads, then common decency demands that they be not only exposed, but that the doors of every one of them be thrown open, or better still, that we do as practically every Roman Catholic country has long since done, deport the head nuns and confiscate the property. That this remedy is drastic I am well aware, but desperate maladies demand drastic remedies. Upon the fair name of America there is nowhere so black a spot as the imprisonment of almost a quarter of a million of human beings, women, youth and even children, to spend years and even life times toiling and delving to enrich the Papal Hierarchy.

II.

From a small volume written by Mr. Ernest Phillips of London I take this quotation: "It is estimated that there are two and one half millions of nuns belonging to the various orders of the Church of Rome."

This army of deluded victims is scattered over almost every part of the earth. In the United States there are approximately one hundred thousand, which number is being augmented from time to time as the nuns are expelled from other countries. These women are divided between the closed convents, the Papal schools, hospitals, and Houses of the Good Shepherd.

It may be safely said that every one of this army of women is a valuable financial asset to the Papal system. In order to escape taxation and of being subject to the laws of the country, and at the same time get the benefits that accrue to purely eleemosynary institutions, the Romish hierarchy tell us that religion is the vocation of this army.

I have no objection to enter from the standpoint of these women, but I do aver that the alleged religious side of conventualism is a blind on the part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to cover up the real purpose, namely, **financial gain.** I have no word of condemnation, but rather pity and sympathy for these nuns, and supreme contempt for the System that blinds their eyes through base deception in order to benefit by their renunciation of the world.

If these women enjoyed the results of their own labors, if it were expended on them in providing bodily

comforts, the crime would be greatly lessened. But it is not beyond the merest scantiness devoted to this purpose. It goes into the pockets of the bishops, archbishops, cardinals and even to the Vatican. Every American has license to protest when, through the political chicanery of priests and bishops, concessions are secured for these female slaves of theirs, such as free railroad transportation on all the systems of railroads in this country, and which is in direct disobedience to the laws of our states, concessions of free municipal water, light and taxes, and all the while the profits going into the coffers of the Vatican's strong box to enrich an institution that soundly curses everything American.

III.

In this connection I purpose showing some of the agencies by which the nuns return vast financial profits to the Papal system.

While in Chicago some time ago I was looking over the afternoon papers and particularly the department store advertisements, and imagine my horror to find "CONVENT HAIR" advertised and strongly recommended.

Yes, sister, yes, American citizen, I said CONVENT HAIR advertised at a price considerably higher than the regular grades of hair switches; convent hair, the God given adornment of some American girl, the daughter of some American mother.

No, it is not strange after all. Every nun, when she takes the final vows of her order, is compelled to have her

hair cut off, her beauty disfigured, her identification, should she escape, made the easier.

This is the hair that finds its way to the department stores and is advertised in the daily press, the proceeds going to enrich a foreign corporation.

Mr. Ernest Phillips, the well known London writer, makes this computation which is well worth every true American's study:

"The value of a lady's head of hair depends upon its quantity, quality and color. The lowest price would be 3 pounds ($15), while the highest figure that has come under our notice is 80 ponds ($400). The latter price was paid for an exceptionally fine head of hair. In some countries, tresses fetch more than in others, according to the law of supply and demand.

"After considering the matter in all its bearings, a fair average price per head would be 5 pounds ($25). Now as there are two and one-half millions of nuns, this means that the sum of £12,500,000 ($63,000,000) is the profit that accrues to Rome from the sale of the hair of her victims IN EACH GENERATION. Truly a colossal sum! Hair given by God for adornment is sold by Rome for profit."

We might bring this computation a bit nearer home and see what our confiding American girls are contributing to this diabolical fund to enrich slave drivers. I have said there are approximately 100,000 nuns in the United States. If each head of hair, as Mr. Phillips has shown, be worth $25.00, the profit on the industry from this source alone would be $2,500,000 each twenty years.

IV.

The sale of the hair of its victims is by no means the only source of revenue the nuns afford the Papal System. Except in special cases, and this exception is limited, each nun or each postulate on entering a nunnery is supposed to bring her dowry. This part of the performance is very essential to the recommendation of the postulate. In different countries the amount of the dowry differs materially. Furthermore, the amount is not the same in the various conventual orders of the Papal system, but they all demand a dowry in some shape except in rare cases. It is said that Miss Catherine Drexel, a member of the old Baptist family of Drexels of Philadelphia, and who was induced by a Jesuit sent from Europe to America for this especial errand to go into a convent, took as a dowry with her six millions of dollars. This snug sum in the pocket of the Papal hierarchy would not only cover a multitude of sins, but it would permit the acceptance of a number of girls without any considerable dowry.

Princess Henrietta Caracciolo was a nun in the Benedictine order in Italy. She says that in Italy there were 18,000 nuns and that each brought an average dowry of $1500. Twenty-seven millions of dollars in a generation is a fair return in profits from the inmates of the nunneries.

It has been conclusively shown that $60 will keep a nun a year. Now if they bring an average of $1500 in dowry and contribute the earnings of their own hands to the convent, the operation puts to shame the gushing

oil wells of Oklahoma. But the system gets another chance at the nun, and this process seems to be the most profitable of all.

The postulate wills over to the convent all her interest in any inheritance from the estate of parents or friends which may fall to her. When the postulate is placed in the coffin signifying her absolute death to all worldly things, the convent gathers up her belongings, including her inheritance, and appropriates it to the exchequer of the institution which belongs to the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

We have set the minimum dowry for all convents at $1500. There is little doubt but this is only about one-third the amount they are really required to pay.

Says Mr. Phillips: "The minimum dowry for lay nuns is one thousand pounds ($5000). The choir nuns, who are all ladies of the best and wealthiest families, often bring dowries from two hundred thousand pounds ($1,000,000) to one million pounds ($5,000,000). The lay nuns are all ladies, but not of such wealthy families. Although the lay and choir nuns bring handsome dowries to their convents, they have to work hard. They dig the gardens and cultivate the land belonging to the convent. The active nuns who engage in teaching are bound by the same solemn vows and endure the same penances and austerities, only in a lesser degree. Their dowries vary from 200 pounds ($1000) to one million dollars. The minimum dowry is $1000."

V.

Another source of revenue resorted to by the scheming Papal system brings in vast sums to the convents.

We have all seen multitudes of nuns tramping the streets and periodically visiting the office buildings in cities, begging money ostensibly to support some orphanage or other Papal institution. These folks are wellsprings of revenue beyond the most liberal computation. In any and all sorts of weather these women tramp their beats and gather the dollars and the pennies to go toward the propagation of Popery. Business men rather than subject themselves to the Roman Catholic boycott on their business, make contribution as often as these beggars make their rounds. Should they refuse, the next thing that would happen would be a boycott on their business. The news would be scattered and the priest would go to the trade and notify it not to buy your goods.—This is done innumerabe times and it is a weapon that business men shudder to run against.

VI.

Still another financial branch is operated by these convents. Schools in some of them are maintained and children from the outside come in. These pay a tuition and the nun teachers teach without remuneration, so the tuition fees go to the treasury of the convent and finally find their way to the strong box of the Papal System.

The Papal parochial schools are taught by nuns and the deluded people who send their children, and they are sent by the hundreds of thousands, are compelled to pay tuition. This stream of revenue joins that of the convent schools and travels on until it reaches the treasury of the hierarchy.

VII.

The reader will easily call to mind the frequent drives the convents and Houses of the Good Shepherd make for funds to pay off pressing indebtedness. These amounts range from fifty to some hundreds of thousands of dollars and they invariably come under the pretext that these institutions are in no sense sectarian affairs, but open and operated for the general benefit of the community in which they are located.

In this way the Protestant people are blinded to contributing great sums to pay these debts, if indeed there really was any debt to begin with, and in this way the Papal System secures Protestant money to use in propagating its system in America. The Protestant business man knows it would not do to decline to contribute. He knows the result would be an embargo laid on his business. But at all events this ruse is employed hundreds of times and vast sums accrue from its use.

VIII.

I have shown in this chapter that the convent system is maintained as a money making scheme from first to last. I have shown that these thousands of women are required to pay heavily for entering these places and that they are made to labor and the proceeds of their labor goes, not to their support and comfort, but to enrich a soulless system which fattens on the misery of overtrusting womanhood.

I have shown that the jingle of the almighty dollar drowns the wail of an army of mother's daughters who

are crying and who are dying for the freedom the constitution of the United States accords every one of its citizens. I have shown that womanhood is being manipulated in order to enrich this system, and that these women are prematurely dying without their friends even knowing where they are buried, or even if they are buried at all, in order that a heartless, greedy system might profit by the labor this womanhood is deceived into contributing.

I ask in the name of womanhood if the men in America will permit it to continue? Can it be possible the fear of this system of Popery is so great that mother's daughters shall continue to be ground into dollars and not one protest be made?

CHAPTER FOUR.

RUMORS OF WARS, DISEASE AND PESTILENCE

Deception, intrigue, delusion, duplicity are four corner stones in the foundation of the conventual system. They seem so interwoven in the warp and woof of the system that they shine out in the lives of the inmates of these institutions. That restful quiet one beholds on the countenance and in the demeanor of nuns is only skin deep. When deception caught them in his unholy embrace he injected his venom throughout the lives of these poor creatures. I have listened to the story of a number of those who have thrown off the cloak of the convent and come out into the world. These women did not have any personal acquaintance one with the other, and yet their stories are in every particular identical as to the disposition of those behind the locked doors and barred windows. Their testimony fully corroborates the stories we have many times heard of how these lonely disconsolate women live in an atmosphere of suspicion, the one watching the other, the one doubting the other, the one despising the other. They tell us there is an atmosphere of jealousy pervading the place and it is epidemic.

Conscious that they have been deceived, that the golden tints attached to the pictures of convent life that were presented to them when they were in their innocent girlhood were false; cognizant that there is

no more a place in the outside world for them, their lives become embittered, their dispositions become soured, the ambitions they left in the coffin when they were buried to the world drives them to a madness that calls for our supremest pity. To mention returning to the world is to place themselves under a system of being watched that makes life a burden. To endure this remorse brings them to an early grave or to an incurable lunacy.

We challenge the Papal Hierarchy to deny the statement that many of these nuns become deranged mentally after a few years, and either die or are confined in insane hospitals. They know we state the truth.

Princess Henrietta Caracciolo, who was a nun in a Benedictine convent in Naples, says: "The loss of liberty, the monotony of existence, the nature of the daily intercourse and conversation, and the superficial education of those nuns whose life has been passed there from their infancy, operate in such a manner that a third of the inmates are either altogether fatuitous or at least weakminded on some point. This calamity, produced from the same causes, has long been a marked feature of penitentiaries on the solitary system, and if isolation be fatal to the reason of the imprisoned in the temperate climates of Europe and America, how much more should it be in hotter latitudes?"

In her book "Convent Life Unveiled," Miss Edith O'Gorman tells us that the rate of insanity among ths nuns of our eastern states is enormous. Poor creatures, unable to withstand the heavy hand of remorse, the mode of life, the austere treatment demanded, these un-

fortunate daughters of American mothers succumb to insanity, which after all is a blessing in disguise for it relieves them of their misery.

II.

In her memoirs, Princess Henrietta Caracciolo tells us that one-third of the inmates in the closed convents are "weak minded on some point."

Then the dread disease consumption takes away an army of these women. Bear in mind reader you do not hear of these unfortunate nuns dying, because their deaths are not reported to the health boards or the authorities compiling vital statistics. No one outside the convent, not even the mother and father, knows when they die and whether or not they are decently buried. The Papal System keeps them to return a profit. When they become incapacitated only God in heaven knows what becomes of them. This too in a country "where freedom reigns and God's pure air sustains."

Even the trusting mother does not know what became of the child she bore and reared and donated to the glory of her God. Even if she had known, she would not have been allowed to desecrate the sacredness of the convent with her presence that the last tender touch of a mother might have cooled the feverish brow of her dying child. Poor creature, she can be of no more use in enriching the Papal System, hence she needs no mother's touch to sooth the dying hour. Prematurely she lays down her young life made desolate by drudgery, that her soul might be saved in-

cidentally, but in truth on account of the inhuman greed of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

When these nuns become demented, sickly, or for any other reason liable not to make the proper impression, they are then removed from where they will come in contact with the general public, and placed in reformatories, or orphan asylums, where, because of their physical and mental condition they are absolutely unqualified to do the work as they should, being unable to control their temper they allow it to run wild at the expense of the poor, unfortunate inmates.

The following is but one of a number of affidavits I have to prove the above statement. So far as the general public is concerned, they think these institutions charitable, Christian institutions. Read the following affidavit, in which we have omitted names, and judge for yourselves, also please bear in mind that this is not an isolated case, but only one of thousands.

"This is to certify that I, ..., of ....., Minneapolis, Minn., do hereby declare that I was an inmate of St. Joseph's German Catholic Orphanage, located on Randolph Street, St. Paul, from about 1905 to 1909 and while there became acquainted with the following:

That I have known children from two years up in this institution to have been so illtreated that they died of their injuries. If my memory serves me right one of the boy's names was Jaccels. The reason that this child was beaten was because he had wet his bed. He was a sickly child yet he was whipped with a machine

strap. The sister who whipped him and which caused his death is still at this orphanage.

The sisters in charge of this institution are unprepared in education, and also in morals to take care of this place as they come generally because they have ill health. Besides this they are inefficient as teachers, scarcely being able to know more than their catechism. The children aside from the teaching of the catechism get scarcely any education.

At one time I was filling a boiler with water and was using a large coffee pot to fill it. A sister came up to me and because some of the water spilled upon the stove she struck me a blow on the head which left black and blue spots for two or three months. This is only one instance out of a thousand that happened to me.

To read a book seemed to be a crime; if they caught us reading they would take the book away from us.

These things have been given in order that something might be done toward benefiting these children who are certainly deprived of an education, as well as looking into conditions that no doubt exist now as much as when I was an inmate."

.....,
Signature.

Signed by four witnesses.

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for Hennepin County and the State of Minnesota, this fifth day of March, 1915, appeared..... who declares on oath that the above is her signature subscribed with her own

hand and that the statements above were reported by her and are correct in every particular.

....., Notary Public.

My commission expires April 10, 1921.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, ST. PAUL.

I.

One line of defense to justify young women being shut up in convents as advanced by papists is that they go there voluntarily and it is optional with them whether they remain or not. They tell us these women can return to the world if they choose to do so, all of which is a blatant falsehood. Beginning with this chapter I shall call the reader's attention to another source of great revenue derived from the sweat and blood of unfortunates, and which finds its way also into the strong box of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

In this institution the victims find their way involuntarily. In most cases they are taken illegally and made to serve the system without remuneration other than the scanty food they feed their hungry bodies.

The Papal Hierarchy is a past master in deception, but in nothing is this black art practiced more subtly than the naming of its institutions. Thus for instance, THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD comes to us suggestive of watchful care, sympathy, leadership into tender pastures, safety, mercy, and other graces

of similar nature. After the reader has followed me through these chapters I will be amazed if his mind does not suggest a more appropriate title for these institutions and call them THE HOUSE OF THE HELLISH HYENA. To be sure a good shepherd does not kidnap lambs. A good shepherd does not lurk under cover and spring on the defenseless victim and work it unthinkably inhumanly, that its labor return a financial profit. A good shepherd does not lock his victims in foul dungeons and feed them on the refuse of city eating houses, in order to develop the good in them.

The good shepherd does not beat his flock with clubs and washboards, in order to make them grow and mature for the market.

II.

These Houses of the Good Shepherd are located in the suburbs of almost all our great cities. They are invariably managed by Roman Catholic nuns who operate under the license of some high dignitary of the Papal System, to which the net proceeds go.

Let the reader remember in the first place that these inmates labor all their lives without remuneration of any kind, more than the scant food and clothes they demand. In the second place these sweat shops return a large profit for the benefit of some one all along the line of the Papal System.

These Houses of the Good Shepherd do the laundry work for large hotels, railroads, sleeping cars, colleges and even private families.

They take large contracts to make overalls, shirts

and other clothing for men and apparel of the cheaper sort for women. In some departments they carry on fancy work and lace making, and that too is sold to the stores and finds its way about the necks of our society women.

These institutions can secure all they can do because they can under bid the firms who are compelled to pay a living wage. We will have occasion in another place in these pages to notice how profitable these institutions are.

III.

In order to get an idea of how these Houses of the Good Shepherd are conducted I am going to select the house at St. Paul, Minnesota, as an example, and I presume this example will appropriately represent other similar institutions of its nature scattered all over this country.

There is another reason why I select the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, and that is because I have before me voluminous sworn testimony of those who manage this institution and those who have been and possibly are today, incarcerated behind its locked doors and barred windows.

This testimony is a part of the court records brought out in a suit instituted by a girl who was railroaded into that place, and who afterward escaped and sued the institution for unlawful detention in the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

This suit was brought in the Ramsey County Dis-

trict Court, Second Judicial District of Minnesota, and appears on the Records as:

Seline Clewett

vs.

The House of the Good Shepherd et al.

IV.

In my review of this testimony I shall show:

First—That this institution is an unlawful thing.

Second—That it is an immoral thing.

Third—That it is an inhuman thing.

Fourth——That it is an unAmerican thing.

Fifth—That it is an unfit place for either children or wayward womanhood.

Sixth—That it is a financial feeder for the Papal Hierarchy.

Seventh—That it, instead of being reformatory is in fact a **deformatory.**

Eighth—That it is a stench in the nostrils of common decency.

V.

In order to get a correct idea of this place I shall incorporate the testimony of the President of the institution.

After being sworn, the attorney for plaintiff proceeded with the interrogations.

Q. What is your name? A. Susan Crow.

Q. What is your age? A. Forty-seven.

Q. You are one of the defendants? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You are also an officer of the defendant, the House of the Good Shepherd? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What officer? A. President.

Q. Does that corporation own any property within the City of St. Paul? A. It owns the property of the House of the Good Shepherd.

Q. Where is that situated? A. Victoria and Blair, I think is the location.

Q. A little louder. A. Victoria and Blair. It is put in the directory at the corner of Victoria and Blair.

Note—Attention is called to this woman's testimony because all of it seems to give the impression she had something to conceal. On every possible occasion she evades an honest straightforward reply to the question. She is the manager of the place, yet, as we shall presently see, she says she does not know the size of the building, neither how many rooms it contains. She feigns not being certain as to the street location of the place.

Q. How much ground—do you know how much ground there is there? A. There is over ten acres.

Q. And is there not a large brick structure on that? A. Yes, Sir.

Q. That is known as the House of the Good Shepherd? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How large a building is that? A. I don't exactly know its dimensions, it is quite a large building.

Q. How many stories high? A. Three and a basement.

Q. Is it built in a solid building, or is there a court in it? A. Well, there is a court.

Q. There is a court? A. There is a park, yes.

Q. Now about how many rooms are in that structure? A. I couldn't tell you. I positively don't remem-

ber the number of rooms in the whole structure, I have never counted them.

Q. Just give us an idea? A. Perhaps over a hundred or more, but it is taking the entire structure.

Q. Now isn't a portion of that structure segregated for the use of the Sisters of your society? A. Yes.

Q. Now which is that, the main building or the wing? A. That is part of the main building.

Q. About how many Sisters do you usually have there at a time in that portion? A. Well, about 35 all together.

Q. Now outside of the portion used by the Sisters, what is the balance of the building used for? A. The wing is used for the reformatory.

Q. And what is the rest of the building used for? A. A part of the main building, the upper floor, two or three upper floors—two upper floors anyway—is used for a society called the Magdalenes.

Q. What are they? A. They are reformed girls who wish to lead a good life.

Q. What do they do there? A. Sewing.

Q. And about how many of them are there? A. I think there are about 32 there now—31 or 32.

Note—I call attention to the last two questions and the answers thereto, for the purpose of confirming my assertion of this institution and all the Papal institutions being run for revenue only.

Here are 31 or 32 girls kept in this place under the delusion of belonging to some sort of society that will benefit them in after life, but who in fact are kept at sewing all the day long, week in and week out, year by

year, the profit of their tired hands going to this institution and they getting only their meager food and scanty clothing of the cheapest sort.

Certainly sewing girls would be worth five dollars per week, in which event this dastardly institution is stealing in wages from these helpless girls the sum of $8,100.00 annually.

Testimony in this same trial shows that the clothing this House gives the inmates would hardly cost more than six dollars per year. I will be liberal and say ten dollars, and then we have a profit of about $7,800 net to go into the treasury of Papal System.

Our housewives crying for help in the home and this System holding, for years at a time these girls, working them in sewing the goods which it sells at a profit.

Who knows how many of these girls were kidnapped, how many of them came to this place without a blemish on their characters in order to get as they supposed a home?

This woman testifying that they were "Reformed" girls may apply to the fewest of them. That word "Reform" is the curtain behind which these heartless brutes are addicted to hiding.

An institution with a semblance of a heart would at least have allowed these girls a portion of a wage to save for the time they might need it. But the more money the officers of an institution such as this can turn into the pocket of the Hierarchy, the higher they stand with that System.

VI

Proceeding with this witness the Plaintiff's Attorney asked:

Q. Now taking the Magdalenes out, about how many other inmates are there, not including the sisters? A. Well, we have two reformatories.

Q. What are they called? A. Reformatories.

Q. Now in the first reformatory, what is there? A. Well, the general average is between 40 and 50.

Q. What sort of work is done there? A. They do some sewing—machine sewing.

Note—Forty women operating sewing machines twelve to sixteen hours per day for 325 days in the year is worth in wages what?

At $5 the week, and deducting ten dollars per year for clothing for these forty girls we have have net $10,000 profit on their labor per year.

Without doubt their work was well worth ten dollars per week, but we shall be lenient and call it five. Mark you the "Reform" bugaboo is trailed along in this transaction also.

Mark you another thing: these girls were getting no schooling in this great seat of REFORMATION. They were being reformed by the tender jingle of the dollar falling into the strong box.

VII

Resuming the attorney's questions we have:

Q. And the other reformatory contains about how many? A. At present it contains 25 I think. Now these are to the best of my belief. I never counted them.

Q. About how many has it usually held for the last two years? A. Well, between 25 and 35.

Q. Now what work do they do in the reformatory? A. They do laundry work.

Note—A laundress, and some of these women were experts as the testimony will show, is easily worth $1 per day. On the basis of twenty-five girls in the department and deducting the usual amount for their clothes, they return a net profit of $7,250 per year to this institution.

The work these women had to do and the treatment they received will be brought out in their testimony.

VIII

Continuing with this witness, the alleged "Mother Provincial" of the House of the Good Shepherd, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Q. Then was there any other department there? A. There was a small class of children, who are not in the reformatory, who are good girls and small, ranging in age from two years to fourteen or 15.

Q. About how many of them? A. At present I have 18 of those.

Q. Is that about the general average? A. It is very recently that I have had that class at all—that I was obliged to have it.

Q. Then you have, including the nuns and the Magdalenes and the two reformatories, about 130 or 140 there, all told? A. I should think so, about that many.

Q. Now the Magdalenes, do they receive any com-

pensation for their work? A. No sir, they are a religious community.

Q. Now the other two, the two reformatories—do they receive any compensation for their work? A. Only their board, lodging, clothes and care when sick.

Note—This a good place to stop and recapitulate. Further testimony will show what the alleged "board, lodging, clothes, and care when sick" amounted to. In this connection we will compute the earning capacity of the 35 nuns and then add it to the earnings of the inmates to arrive at the revenue this place would return.

At $5 per week and allowing $20 for clothes these women could produce $8,500 per year. This $8,500 added to the Magadalenes $10,000 and the reformatory sewing circle's $8,100, and the laundry reformatory's $7,250, we have the sum total of $33,850, as the net earnings of this SEAT OF REFORMATION.

Without doubt the laundry department alone returns more than this sum. To this sum in free wages is to be added the real source of profit, the profit on the manufactured goods. The lace department and the laundry are to be added and we should be disappointed if it did not reach at least $75,000.

IX

This is the institution that made its appeal to the citizens of St. Paul a year or so ago for a large amount to enable it to enlarge its business. Both protestant and papist were solicited and a large sum was secured to erect more space to decoy more girls to make more profit, to purchase more power.

The word REFORMATION was gilded in tinsel

and gold when this play was made for additional funds. Its praises were emphasized with the cunning of Archbishop John Ireland himself. The funds were provided, and the girls in the cold, damp, disease-breeding laundry toiled on in order to make a showing in their department, while the weary fingers of the sewing girls hummed the ditty they learned in God's free America.

But what are broken hearts of womanhood anyway? Its easier to pass by on the other side than it is to come in contact with the Irish Catholic boycott. Better let a few feminine hearts break than to risk the boycott on our husbands' business. The priest will see our banker and our line of credit will be cut down until we can't get along.

CHAPTER SIX

RAILROADING VICTIMS.

I

We have seen that the so-called Mother Provincial of the House of the Good Shepherd at St. Paul, Minn., insists that she is conducting a REFORMATORY. I have neither the space nor the inclination to argue the question at length, hence will leave the reader to draw his or her own conclusions after the evidence is all in.

II

We are reviewing the case entitled:

Seline Clewett,

vs.

The House of the Good Shepherd, et al.

The attention of the reader is directed first to the mode of securing inmates for the institution in question. No one denies that quite a number of the inmates come from the families of Roman Catholics. Some are placed in these houses on account of breaks or disturbances in families, necessitating the finding of homes for children and girls.

Some come voluntarily because of embarrassments from different causes, but large numbers of the victims are railroaded into these houses by agents who probably

on account of previous instructions from their spiritual leaders, consider they are performing a religious service. Especially is this true if the victim is losing interest in the Roman Catholic faith, where the victim is a Romanist.

III

The reader should remember that there is no law on any of our statute books giving a court the authority to commit a person to these places.

Every time such a commitment is made the court knowingly violates the law and disregards his oath of office.

The courts of many municipalities are watched by agents of these alleged Houses of the Good Shepherd, on the alert for victims, and so earnest are these agents in the performance of their duty, that they, in collusion with police officers, purposely trump up charges against young women who are without friends, in order to enlist another slave to work for the "Holy Church."

The railroading has been done not a few times, but hundreds of times where there are no influential friends that might make a fight on behalf of the victims thus kidnapped.

IV

Very recently a report reached me from a most direct source, that a certain young woman operates her scheme in Minneapolis and St. Paul, interviewing young women who have been brought before the court upon some minor charge, and with the cunning of a Jesuit she worms herself into the confidence of these girls and then tells them what a charming place the St. Paul House of

the Good Shepherd is; that she has been there herself and she knows it to be the most helpful place one could desire. This procuress concludes her interview with the suggestion that the victim request the court to commit her to this restful oasis. Naturally when the frightened girl comes before the court, unless someone intercedes she will make the request, and her case is closed and she wakes up to find that she is confined in a jail ten fold more inhumane than the city bastile.

V

The police matrons hanging about our jails, if they can be handled, afford a profitable agency in filling these Houses of the Good Shepherd with girls. In another chapter this is illustrated more fully than we can outline it in this connection.

Where there is a Roman Catholic police force, and that is in almost every city in the Union, that department works hand in hand with the Houses of the Good Shepherd. It is easy to pick up girls on the streets and run them into these places, work them for "Holy Church" for years, and who is the wiser? If girls escape from these Houses, and many of them do, these papist officers display marked gallantry in hunting them down and returning them, although they know there is no law authorizing them to do so.

VI

Not a few girls are kidnapped and railroaded to these places without the least form of trial, without legal process of any kind, without any excuse other than a desire to serve the "Holy Church."

Yet fresh in our minds is the cast of Dorothy Nichols, a homeless girl, unfortunately possessing great beauty, and who was ravished by her guardian, one Jno. Holm at Shabonna, Ill. This child was spirited away to the Chicago House of the Good Shepherd by priest Flinn in order to save the neck of his liberal parishoner John Holm. Buried behind the high walls and the barred windows of the Chicago House of Good Shepherd, this child could not be found to testify against this demon Holm, and the interest of "Holy Church" was served in two ways. The story this poor girl told on making her escape tallies in every respect with the story of the witnesses in the suit we are reviewing. Only the poverty of language prevents them from picturing these dens as they really are.

VII

Another feeder for these Houses of the Good Shepherd is the secret agency with its agents scattered everywhere. These agents are on the watch for young women who for divers causes find it convenient to leave their homes for a time. Many girls want to go out in the world and make their own way, and upon this class wolves in sheep's clothing prey.

The testimony connected with this Clewett case illustrates how this is done. Miss Clewett who left the House of Good Shepherd at St. Paul, and brought suit for false imprisonment asking the sum of $20,000, was railroaded by one Mrs. Root, who appears to have been in that business, for other girls testify in this same case that she inveigled them into this place.

Miss Clewett under oath says she thought this Root

woman was taking her to a private family to work for wages as she had been doing, but she found herself in the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd. Railroaded there without law, without any semblance of authority whatsoever, and made to labor for years.

VIII

Jenny Purdy, an 18-year-old girl of Grand Forks, North Dakota, was a witness at this Clewett trial, and I will let her tell her story as she told it on the stand, being examined by the attorneys in the case:

Q. What is your name? A. Jenny Purdy.

Q. How old are you? A. Eighteen.

Q. What day? A. Sixteenth of June last.

Q. Were you ever in the House of Good Shepherd? A. Yes, Sir.

Q. Did you go there yourself, or did somebody put you there? A. Well, I was asked to go there.

Q. Well did you go yourself, or did somebody put you there? A. Well, it was myself that went.

Q. Now, whereabouts did you go from, were you living here in St. Paul? A. No, I was living in Grand Forks.

Q. Are your father and mother living? A. No, sir, my father and mother are dead.

Q. Did anybody ask you to go to the House of the Good Shepherd? A. Yes Sir, the chief of Grand Forks.

Q. Chief of what? A. Chief of police of Grand Forks.

Q. What did he tell you? A. He asked me if I would go to the House of the Good Shepherd. He said

I could learn any trade there, and he said I would learn how to read and write or do any kind of fancy work, and he told me it was a nice place and I was not obliged to stay unless I was pleased with the place, and he said if I was there a couple of months I may get wages. So I said if he would pay my fare I would go, and he agreed to the bargain.

Q. And you went up there? A. Yes Sir.

Q. How long did you stay? A. A year and three months.

Q. How did you get out? A. I ran away.

Q. Well how did you get out of the building? A. I broke through the bars.

Note—This girl testified to many things about this St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, but at this time we are interested only in this railroading process by which means this institution was fed by its field agents.

Here is an orphan girl eighteen years old, ambitious to learn how to do things, anxious to learn some trade by which she could earn a living, longing to acquire an education to fit her for life.

This Irish Roman Catholic policeman Quigly sees a chance to serve "Mother Church" and with not a spark of manly honor, not a semblance of the milk of human kindness in his soul, railroads this orphan child to this den of iniquity to contribute of her frail strength one and a quarter years to the "Holy Catholic Church."

Multitudes of such cases are happening all the time. Hundreds of helpless girls without one mark against their characters are being snatched out of the bosom of freedom and incarcerated in the dens of iniquity to the profit of the Papal system, and to the increase in the

population of the scarlet palaces of sin when they leave these institutions.

No sister, it is not a dream. Not a tinge of hallucination connected with it. It's a cold, stern truth that rises up before every mother, every sister in this broad land, and challenges our patriotism, our sympathy, our altruism, our faith in Him who spoke peace and salvation to the woman at the well.

IX

We shudder at the murder of pure Edith Cavell, yet I say unto you that crime was the deed of a good Samaritan compared to the crimes being committed against the tender womanhood under the guise of Reformation by the House of the Good Shepherd.

This Miss Purdy was led to believe when she entered this St. Paul House she would be allowed to come and go at pleasure, breathing the pure air of freedom. She had builded in her child mind aircastles of how she would honestly toil with her hands, oh so hard, that she might learn how to be a lady, and bye and bye how some strong young man would come into her life and with a plighted love they would make a home and perchance a little babe would come to sanctify the place while Heaven would smile the blessing.

One year and three months of "REFORM" in the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, and she was qualified to enter a house with a less pretentious name but little less shame.

These vampires led her to believe that after she learned for a short time, her services would be sufficiently valuable to demand wages with which she could purchase those little things she needed to improve her looks and her general appearance. In place of this the vampire within this place refused to let her go, refused to let her even converse with friends, intercepted her appeals to her sister and brothers to come and take her away.

In order to escape the iron hand that ruled her she had to break the iron bars on one of the windows and sneak out as a felon, without decent clothing, without so much as a nickel to pay her car fare down to the city.

But why marvel at this? Hundreds of other girls are being trafficked in the same way all over this land of ours. "Reformation" is taking place in scores of these Houses of the Good Shepherd, and mints of money are being ground out of the frail bodies of American girls who are being decoyed into these places by the basest falsehoods outside the pit of Hell.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

RULES OF PENAL INSTITUTIONS GOVERN THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I

The excuse for nuns surrounding the houses in which they live with high walls, securely locked doors and heavily barred windows, as given out by papists, is because the lives they live in these places is so holy they cannot exist in the same atmosphere as that in which the people of the world live.

Despite this, when these women take in postulates to reform them, they subject them to rules no less stern and exacting than those used in the common penitentiaries of this country. Indeed and in truth the rules of the House of the Good Shepherd are far more drastic than the rules governing the most hardened criminals in our state prisons, and this too, mark you, to apply to children and tender womanhood.

Rigid censorship of all mail, both incoming and outgoing is exercised. The freedom of fellowship is denied. The inmates are under strict lock and key all the time unless some nun is present to watch them. The most inhuman punishment is inflicted for the least infraction of the rules. Exceedingly humiliating penances are

imposed for even thoughts not in accord with the purposes of the institution.

These inflexible rules apply to closed convents as well as to the House of the Good Shepherd. Brute force seems to be the highest aspiration of the Roman Catholic System since it first gained any considerable power.

In it are none of the polished graces, none of the more tender attribues of humanity. The most potent argument in defence of its dogmas is the uniting of the rabble into a mob carrying death and destruction in its pathway.

II

Attorney for Plaintiff further questioning Susan Crow, Mother Provincial of the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, brought out the following:

Q. Now, when mail came there addressed to any inmates of this ward, what was done with it? A. All the mail that passed through the institution to the inmates, passed through my hands.

Q. And is it opened by you? A. Certainly.

Q. And read? A. And read.

Q. Well, what do you do with it? A. Give it to the inmates.

Q. In every instance? A. In every instance I give it to the sister to give it to her. It depends. If the mail comes from one whom she should receive it.

Q. You are the best judge and you act on that? A. Certainly.

Q. And if you do not think it proper, it is not

delivered? A. Certainly, if I know that mail does not come from a proper person.

Q. And you are the sole judge of that? A. I am the sole judge.

Q. When an inmate wishes to send out mail, what is done then? A. Send it out if it is to relatives and friends.

Q. And does it go through you? A. It goes through my hands, certainly.

Q. And supposing you think it contains matter that is not proper in any way, what is done with it then? A. I don't understand what you mean by "Not Proper."

Q. Well, I say, supposing you think that the matter in the letter or anything that is in there, is improper to be sent out, what do you do? A. Of course if it is improper it doesn't go out.

Q. Are you the sole judge of what is improper? A. I have the right to be the sole judge of what is improper. Our inmates can do very improper things.

Q. And so that just depends upon you what goes out and what comes in? A. It is practically so.

Q. And you use your own judgment of that, and this is done with reference to every inmate in that institution? A. Especially those in the reformatory.

III

On cross examination of this woman, Susan Crow, Mother Provincial of the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, attorneys brought out the following additional testimony on this subject:

Q. These letters that came to your place, you stated the other day, from any person except relatives of the

family, were not delivered? A. Did I state they were not always delivered?

Q. Well, sometimes—is that it? A. Sometimes, yes.

Q. How did you receive those letters? A. Through the mail.

Q. Prior to delivering to the inmates, you always opened them? A. Always.

Q. And when the letters were mailed by them they were delivered to you for mailing? A. Yes Sir. ,

Q. And opened by you before mailing? A. Yes, sir, they were not sealed when they came to me.

Q. Now didn't you know that was a serious violation of the postal law for you to open mail? A. That is the rule of our institution.

Q. I know, but is the rule of your institution above the laws of the land? A. Those rules are made and people understand it.

Q. The people understand that, I know. A. Yes.

Q. But do you mean to tell this jury that the rules of your institution are above the laws?

Defendant's attorney interposed here and the question was not answered.

Q. Well, it wouldn't make any difference to you what the laws were, you would go on and do that just the same? That is what you mean? A. Well, I can't say that. I would carry out the rules in a sense that, keeping a reformatory, our letters that come in and go out have to be examined.

Q. They have to be examined? A. Yes.

Q. And that is regardless of law? A. I am not a violator of the law.

Q. Well, but you say they have to be examined. Now, do you mean, do you mean to say by that, that they will be any way? A. According to our rule, the rule of the institution.

Q. And you propose to follow those rules? A. Why, I certainly do.

Note—I said in another place in these pages that these infamous dens exist contrary to the laws of our land. Here is evidence that they do not in any particular regard our laws, that they openly defy our laws and live up to the Pope's orders as elsewhere recited in this book, that when the civil law comes in conflict with the Papal law, the latter is in every instance to be followed.

It is also shown by this woman's testimony that this institution censors all mail of the inmates, and that very little if any of it ever reaches the person to whom it is addressed.

Few if any letters addressed to the mothers of these inmates ever get out of the office of the head woman. The plaintive pleas of the inmates for their parents or friends to come and secure their release are placed in the waste basket in the office of these dens of deviltry. If they went out, and the friends of the inmates came for them, the institution would lose the labor of a hand which is helping to grind out a financial profit for the Hierarchy, and the standing of the institution in the estimation of the Archbishop would be lowered a notch.

In order to show just how this works with the in-

mates I shall append the testimony of the witnesses in this case.

IV

Jennie Purdy was a witness in this case and testified as follows:

Q. Well,now about how long had you been there when you got the first letter from your sister? A. I don't know; if I am not mistaken, about four months, I think, somewhere along there. That is as near as I can guess.

Q. The Mother Superior opened the letters, didn't she? A. Yes Sir.

Q. And read them before she let you have them? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you write any letters at all to your sister? A. Yes, sir.

Q. The Mother Superior read these letters didn't she? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Before she allowed them to go out? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, this time that your sister wrote to you to ask you if you could leave, what did sister Zephrine say? A. She told me that I was not to answer that question.

Q. No? A. She said that I could answer the letter. That my people were to come up here and find out for themselves. That is the answer she gave me.

The reader will easily observe the unadulterated fiendishness of this St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd in the testimony of this orphan girl. She was of legal age and competent to depart when she wanted to,

but these women managing this place told her she could not leave until some of her relatives came and took her out. Now she is in communication with her own sister who wanted her to come home, and these vampires refused to let her tell her sister in a letter that she wanted to come home.

This scheme is practiced every day in the year on some poor inmate who knows they have a right to their liberty. This nun, Zephrine, tells her that her sister must come down to St. Paul and see for herself, but she refuses to let this little orphan tell her to come and meet the requirements of this heartless den.

V.

Mazie Roberts comes to the stand and testifies.

This prisoner had given a letter to one of the girls who was leaving the institution, the letter to be mailed on the outside to her aunt requesting her to come and take her away.

Question—Now, did you tell your aunt in that letter what person to answer to? Answer—Yes, I told her to answer to Leona Decker, not to answer to the sisters, because I knew I wouldn't get the letter.

Q. And there was not any answer from the letter that you gave to the sisters? A. No, sir, there was no answer.

Q. But afterwards you wrote another letter? A. Yes, sir, and I gave it to that girl. I wrote about five times, 4 or 5 letters and handed to the sister.

Q. And you did not get any answers? A. No, sir, I didn't get any answers.

Note—A day or so later this nun by the name of Zephrine was on the stand testifying and the attorney questioned her as to the testimony of Mazie Roberts.

Q. Did you let her go? A. I told her to write to her aunt.

Q. Well, she had written to her aunt several times before, hadn't she? A. No, she didn't to my knowledge.

Q. She said she wrote to her aunt four or five times and got no reply. A. That is positively false. If she wrote it was unknown to me.

Note—In this connection I want to call the reader's attention to the well known rule in Roman Catholic theology, which rule this woman Zephrine and the other nuns connected with this case of Seline Clewett vs. the House of the Good Shepherd, St. Paul, seem to have religiously followed.

The rule I refer to makes it no crime, no sin, to swear falsely when such false oath is in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church.

This is plainly laid down by divers of the church theologians, a few examples of which I here give.

Question—"To what is a man bound swearing fictitiously and aiming to deceive?" Answer—"To nothing by the virtue of religion, since his oath is false." Compendium a l'usage des Seminaries, par l'abbe Moulet-Strasburg 1843.

Says the eminent theologian Sanchez, in his Moral Theology: "Amphibologies are permitted for a just cause. Thus as the Latin word, 'Gallus' means either a 'cock' or a 'Frenchman,' though I have killed a Frenchman, I may swear 'no' by understanding a 'cock.'

Likewise, as the Latin verb, 'esse' means either,' to be,' or 'to eat,' when I am asked if Titius is at home, I may answer 'no,' though he is at home, by understanding 'he does not eat there.'

Theologian Casnedy, in his Theological Judgment, page 278, says: "If you believe invincibly that you are ordered to lie, LIE."

VI.

Proceeding with the witnesses in this case we call to the stand Nellie Drummy.

Question—Did you ever write to your mother asking to get out? Answer—Yes, I did.

Q. What did they do with the letter? A. I got the letter.

Q. Did they send it or give it back to you? A. They gave it to me. Oh, I wrote my mother to get out and the mother wouldn't send it.

Note—Numerous other inmates in this place testified to asking to get out of the place, and their pleas were never sent out to their parents or friends. Remember that the rule of the place was not to let the girls go out unless the parents or authorized female friends were there to receive them. This is the plea they made to the inmates, and when the girls would write to their parents to come and take them out, the letters would be destroyed and the victims would continue to toil over the wash tub for months and years. This was in the great REFORMATORY, yclept the House of the Good Shepherd, St. Paul.

VII.

I have shown the contemptible deception practiced upon these poor mother's daughters in holding them to profit by their toil, but this is by far not the only indignity to which they are subjected.

These girls testify that they were not permitted to hold conversation one with another unless such conversation was carried on in a voice sufficiently distinct that the nun in charge might hear each word.

It was against the rules for a girl to either give her true name, or to tell anything of her past history. Most of the time absolute silence was enforced, and these broken hearted girls were compelled to mope about with out an eye to pity or a heart to sympathize.

Under strict lock and key they treaded the wine press of Papal greed in order that the profits might drop out into the lap of luxury for the Hierarchy.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

"Whatsoever ye have done unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

I.

A reformatory is supposed to be different from a penal institution. Such places are supposed to take in unfortunates whose detention is not for the purpose of punishment, but rather of protection, nurture the good in them with the milk of human kindness, and develop the good qualities until they overshadow the evil.

In this chapter I purpose showing that the House of the Good Shepherd practices the most unthinkable brutalities, and that too, upon frail girls, not a few of whom have no mark of discredit to their account, and who enter these places as a shelter from the dangers lurking about unprotected young womanhood. I propose to show by the testimony brought out in the case of Seline Clewett vs. the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd that these inmates were beaten; that they were subjected to heartless indignities; that they were dragged about by the hair of their heads; that they were struck many times with heavy missiles, and otherwise punished beyond the most hardened criminals in our state penitentiaries. If Irish Roman Catholic confetti, the bludgeon, would reform, then this institution sure was a reformatory.

II.

Seline Clewett on the stand testified:

Question—Did you ever see any of the inmates whipped while you were there? Answer—Yes, sir.

Q. Who? A. I have seen them beat Annie Dupres.

Q. Who did that? A. It was Mother Matilda.

Q. What did she do to her? A. I was in the laundry department. She abused her.

Q. What did she do to her? A. She took her by the hair and pulled her down on the floor and just pounded her on the back.

Q. Did you see any others whipped while you were there? A. Many others, but they hired the girls to do that.

Q. Oh, yes, they hired the girls you say? What girls do they keep in there to do the punishing? A. Oh, some of the old girls, I don't remember all their names.

Q. Were the sisters kinder to them than the rest of you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, now, did you ever see any of the sisters or hear any of the sisters, tell any of the girls to punish any of the girls? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you ever see any other sister there, than the one you have mentioned, strike a girl there? A. Yes, sir, I have.

Q. What sister? A. Sister Matilda.

Q. Whom did you see her strike? A. She would

strike a girl by the name of Edith Apple.

Q. Edith Apple? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, what did she strike her with? A. Anything she could got ahold of—washboard or a bucket.

Q. Did you see her strike her more than once? A. Yes, sir.

III.

Mazie Roberts, Lacrosse, Wis., a girl 18 years of age, testified:

Q. Did any of the sisters in there strike you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What ones? A. Sister Mary St. Bernard.

Q. How many times? That is, on how many different occasions, more than one day? A. She struck me more than five times that I can remember.

Q. More than five different days? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, when was the first time she struck you? A. The first time she struck me was in the laundry; it was downstairs.

Q. What did she strike you with? A. She had a clothes stick and struck me with it.

Q. Where did she hit you? A. She hit me in the back.

Q. What did she hit you with? A. She hit me with her hand.

Q. More than once? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where did she strike you? A. Right over the face.

Q. With her hand? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many times did you say? A. About four or five times,

Q. Well, did she do anything else to you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What? A. She struck me more than that.

Q. Now did she ever strike you any other time that you remember? A. Oh, she struck me so many times I can't remember now, afterwards, I can't hardly remember.

Q. Struck you a great many times? A. Yes, sir, she did.

Q. Did she pull your hair? A. Not that I remember of, sir; only that time when she made my nose bleed.

Q. Did she pull your hair then? A. Yes, sir.

Q. That time she cut your eye, did she make your nose bleed then? A. Yes, sir, that was the time she made my nose bleed, she struck me right across the face; she made my nose bleed.

Q. And you say she pulled your hair then? A. Yes, sir, just pulled my hair by the back of the neck, and she struck me right across the face.

Q. Were you still on your knees when she did that? A. No, sir, she pulled me around the class room.

IV.

Question—Did you ever see the sisters there strike anybody else? Answer—Yes, sir.

Q. Who? A. Edith Apple.

Q. Who struck her? A. Sister Mary St. Bernard.

Q. What did she hit her with? A. Washboard; anything she could get hold of.

Q. This time did you say you saw her strike her with a washboard? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where did she hit her? A. She hit her in the back.

Q. How did she hold the washboard—one hand or two hands? A. One hand.

Q. What else did she do to her, if anything? A. Scolded her and slapped her across the mouth, and make her get—

Q. Did you ever see her strike Edith more than once? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many times should you say you had seen her strike her, in your judgment? A. Oh, she struck her so many times I can't hardly remember.

Q. Did you ever see her strike anybody else than Edith? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Who? A. There was a girl named Germain.

Q. How many times did you see her strike her? A. I seen her strike her about three or four times.

Q. Well, what did she strike her with? A. With her hand.

V.

For the amusement of the reader I am giving here the testimony of one of the fighting squad at the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd. For artful dodging this nun is an adept. She certainly is a close student of Papal theology as will be appreciated by the replies she makes to the attorney's question.

Sister Zephrine is interrogated by attorney for plaintiff.

Q. You may state whether you ever did authorize one girl to punish another? A. I never authorized it. On the contrary I have punished it when it had been

done, or reproved it where punishment was not necessary. If it came to my knowledge of course. It might have been done without my knowledge.

Q. You have heard the testimony here as to the beating of some of these girls? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You may state what there is to that, if anything? A. In regards to the girls beating?

Q. No, in regard to the sisters? A. I have never heard, only one occasion, of a sister slapping a girl.

Q. Do you recall the occasion? A. I recall the circumstances, but the time I cannot place.

Note—Any psychologist would not hesitate to set aside such testimony, because it is so surcharged with evasiveness. We have the testimony of all these girls who bore the marks of the Beast on their bodies to verify the brutishness with which these women treated the charges under their care. Hun cruelty in time of the recent war was thrice more excusable than the inhuman treatment coming from the hands of those vampires.

VI.

Emma Cote, an eighteen-year-old motherless child, testifies:

Q. Did you see anybody whipped there? A. Yes, sir, I did.

Q. What ones? A. I seen Gilleta and Mabel, and Ursula and Dutch Mary.

Q. That was the girl that was here this morning? A. Yes, sir, and Edith Apple and Germain.

Q. What did Gilleta do when they whipped her?

A. Why, when she ran to—towards that way (indicating) I don't know where.

Q. Toward Minneapolis? A. No.

Q. Or toward St. Paul? A. Toward St. Paul. And they caught her and they brought her back, and they punished her, and Mother Redel told me to wipe up the blood where she was pounded.

Q. She bled on the floor did she? A. Yes, sir, and Lorentine.

Q. Did you wipe it up? A. Yes, sir, Lorentine and I.

Q. That is another girl there? A. Yes.

Q. Was there much blood on the floor? A. Why, yes, there was quite a lot.

Q. I understand you they whipped her for running away? A. Yes, sir, they whipped her for running away.

Note—These nuns testify under oath that when a girl was dissatisfied at the House of the Good Shepherd, they could communicate with their people and leave the place any time.

Here is a little girl, just blooming into womanhood that was brutally beaten, whipped until the blood flowed from her emaciated little body, because she was compelled to resort to running away in order to escape probably a worse fate. She was a good worker and this pest pen sought to avail itself of the services of just such homeless, friendless girls to grind out the grist. With hyena alertness she was hunted down, brought back and maltreated, for these vampires knew she had no strong arm to defend herself.

Mothers, sisters, this is going on every day in the year. While we are sending our sympathies and material aid to European women, few, if any of them, are subjected to the monstrous degrading thousands of the daughters of American mothers are undergoing this very day.

The center of our altruism is in the war zone and the wail of these daughters is drowned in the hurrahs of enthusiasm of our task.

IX.

We now resume the testimony of Emma Cote:

Q. What did they do to her? A. Why, Genevieve threw her down on the floor and they pounded her.

Q. Who was with Genevieve? A. There was Miss Murphy.

Q. What sort of a woman is Miss Murphy? Is she a big stout woman? A. She is a big stout woman.

Q. Well, how did they pound her, how hard? A. They pounded her quite a lot.

Q. What did they strike her with? A. They struck her with their fist and their hand.

Q. Who was the next one you saw whipped? A. Annie Dupres.

Q. Who whipped her? A. Genevieve and Georgia Warner and Hattie Murphy.

Q. These other whippings you saw, who told the girls to do this? A. Mother St. Zephrine.

Q. Now, this third time, the one you were speaking about just now, who told the girls to whip that time? A. Mother St. Zephrine.

Q. How did they whip her? A. She was scrubbing the floor and she gave some sass, and Genevieve went up to her and threw her down, and she pounded her, and Georgia Warner pulled her hair, and Florentine did the same, Harriet Murphy—

Q. Is that her name, Harriet Murphy? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now the time you saw Mary Hansel whipped, did she bleed any? A. Yes, sir, she did.

Q. How much? A. My, her apron was just full.

Q. Whose apron did she have at that time? A. She had Katie Conley's apron.

Q. Did you ever see any others whipped there? A. I seen Edith Apple.

Q. Who struck her? A. Mother Barnard struck her with a washboard.

Q. Is that the same one that Mary Hansel said at the same time? A. Yes, sir, it was with my washboard she struck her, too.

Q. Where did she strike her? A. Struck her right across the back.

Q. More than once? A. Struck her about seven or eight times.

Q. Did she strike her hard? A. Why, yes.

Q. Well, what did they do to her then? A. Why she struck her and told her to go to her work.

Q. Now, what other ones have been whipped there? A. I seen Germain.

The next witness is Kate Conley, a fighting Irish lassie who ran away from the House of the Good Shepherd and was returned by the obliging St. Paul police-

man, Paddy McBride. These Roman Catholic policemen are alert when it comes to helping "Mither Church." Their official position enables them to turn many a trick to help the cause along.

In reply to plaintiff's attorney's questions, Miss Conley testified as follows:

Q. How many girls while you were there do you think you saw beaten? A. Twenty-five.

When Agnes LaRush came on the stand, plaintiff's attorney asked her:

Q. All the time you were there you never saw anyone whipped? A. No, sir.

On cross-examination this same witness testified, and mark you she was for protecting the institution, she said:

Q. Whereabouts did they whip them in the sewing room? A. Down in the basement.

Q. Did you ever hear them crying down there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. From being whipped? A. I did.

Q. Did they ever punish them upstairs, then? A. They used to give them penance up there.

Q. But when they whipped them they took them where? A. Downstairs.

Q. Did you ever hear them crying from being whipped down there? A. Sometimes I would.

Q. "Holler" pretty loud? A. Why, yes, sometimes,

The same witness being examined by defendant's attorney said:

Q. Now, do you want to have us understand that you knew the inmates were being whipped while you were there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. They whipped them in the basement under the sewing room? A. Yes, sir, down in the bath room.

Q. Whom did you ever see taken down there to be whipped? A. Well, I have seen Agnes Ryan.

Q. Any others? A. And Blanche, I think.

Q. Blanche who? A. I don't know their names.

Q. About when was this? A. I don't remember just when it was.

Q. What Mother was there when they took her down? A. St. Adele.

Q. What other girl did you ever hear crying downstairs? A. Margaret, I think.

Q. Marguerita? A. I think it was.

Q. Now I understand you that this Agnes Ryan was the only girl you ever saw taken down there to be whipped? Don't you know what they whipped her with down there? A. Why they have what they call a cat-o-nine-tails.

XI.

When one contemplates this institution one can not help but wonder if it has inherited the implements of torture of the old Papal Inquisition. In our rambles we have encountered washboards, broom handles, clothes sticks, bare fists hardened by years of heavy toil, tobogganing by hauling the victims by the hair of their

heads, and last, but not least, the famous old barbarous cat-o-nine-tails.

One would suppose that with this array of REFORM implements these institutions ought to succeed in preparing girlhood for both ladyship and motherhood. But this is not all, formidable as it is. There is one more punishment I will review in closing this chapter.

Penitentiaries have what is termed the "Solitary" a dungeon where the obstreperous criminals are placed to meditate.

The Houses of the Good Shepherd have the same thing, and for the same purpose. One confines the most hardened types of mankind. The other houses girls many of whom have nothing against them in the world than possibly rebelling against the brutish exactions of the nuns who inhabit these misnamed places.

Kate Conley tells us what this "Black Hole" is:

Q. Where is this "black hole" you told about up there? A. Well, it is quite a large closet where they keep the slop pails at night.

Q. In a large closet? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were you ever locked up? A. Yes, sir, I was, by mother "Sacred Heart." She pulled me by the hair of the head down almost 24 steps down the refectory.

Q. What did she do with you then? A. She kept me there about two hours, and I burst the lock off the door.

On the same subject Nellie Drummy testifies:

Q. Is there a place called the black hole or closet —any place to put them? A. There is a hole.

Q. Well, can that be shut up, closed? A. There is a door to it, just one door, and there are no windows.

Q. Is it dark? A. It is, upstairs, yes, sir.

Q. Do you know of any of the girls being sent in there? A. I have seen Mabel put in there.

Q. How often? A. I have seen her put in there two or three times.

Q. How long would they keep her there? A. She was in there once two days, then again she was in there —well I don't know how long she was in there the last time; a day or so.

Q. Is that place dark? A. Yes, sir.

CHAPTER NINE.

PAPAL IMPLEMENTS OF REFORMATION.

I.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" may be true, though it did grow out of a sacred sentiment and just regard for our womanhood.

Contrary to this sentiment the Papal system's attitude is to paralyze the hand that some day hopes to rock the cradle. I challenge contradiction when I state that the Papal System for fourteen hundred years has debauched and degraded the womanhood of every country over which it has exercised any considerable power politically and ecclesiastically.

Spain has been Roman Catholic for fourteen centuries and its womanhood is a chattel just as the ox is a chattel today, and used as man's brutish and selfish instincts may dictate.

Mexico, South America, and the lower classes of Italy fortify my assertion with a vengeance. When Roman Catholicism was at its zenith the Dark Ages came on the world, and woman was considered an asset alongside the donkey and the ox. Her degradation was considered one of the graces adorning the high estate of man, and her place in the world was servitude. The power of the System was overthrown, but its attitude

toward womankind is "semper eadem." Today this system is working millions of women behind locked doors and barred windows, subjected to the most unthinkable indignities, scantily fed, more scantily robed, living in vermin, disease germs and unspeakable sanitary environments. As a sample of this we shall take the reader through the House of the Good Shepherd of St. Paul, Minn., again, and we may take it for the truth that this place is no worse than any of the others, and let you see for yourself the treatment the helpless young womanhood endures in the process of passing through the state of REFORMATION.

II.

Seline Clewett, who spent two years and two months in the laundry of this REFORMING institution says in her testimony on the witness stand:

Q. Well, how was this laundry, was it a warm place to work, or a cold place in the winter? A. Quite cold in winter time.

Q. Did some of the girls go barefooted? A. Went in their stocking feet.

Q. Do you know whether they got wet when working around there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you? A. Sir?

Q. Did you get wet and chilled? A. Yes, sir.

Q. From getting wet and chilled did you have any sickness A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, just tell the jury what it was. A. Sir?

Q. Just tell them what it was. A. I caught cold and went in bed. One of the sisters came over from

the other side, that had charge of me, and made me get up, said she did not believe in anybody lying in bed, and I had to get up. Sat down in a chair for nearly a week; she did not do anything for me; did not give me any medicine, and scolded me.

Q. What was the matter with you? A. From getting wet and catching cold.

Q. Well, what do you mean that did for you? A. (No answer.)

Q. Did it stop you from having your regular menstruation periods? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long did you go that way? A. Five months.

Q. Do you know of any other girls there being in the same situation? A. Many others.

III.

Elenora was another laundry slave who spent ten years and six months in this REFORM FACTORY. She says:

Q. Doing laundry work did you ever get wet and chilly? A. Yes, sir, I have.

Q. How was that room in the winter time? A. The laundry where we ironed was warm because we had a big stove there, but the part we had to wash in we often had to wash with dresses with no sleeves in them—cold in winter.

Q. That room cold? A. Yes, sir, in the basement it was pretty cold where we washed.

Q. Were you sometimes in your stocking feet? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you get chilly? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What effect did that have on you, did it make you stop— A. Well, it stopped my regular periods seven months.

Q. Did you complain to the sister? A. I did, she told me she did not know anything I could do excepting bathe my feet and go to bed.

Q. Did she ever give you anything for it? A. No, sir.

Q. Did she stop your working at all? A. No, sir.

Q. Were you compelled to work right along every day? A. Yes, sir.

IV.

Mazie Roberts was a mere child who served the laundry department one year and five months breathing in the foul suds and the REFORM unction of the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd. She tells her own experience in these words:

Q. How long did you say you worked there? A. A year and five months.

Q. Well, where did you work? A. In the laundry.

Q. Well, what work did you do? A. Wash and iron.

Q. Where did you do your washing? A. Down in the basement.

Q. Well, was it warm or cold? A. It was pretty warm in the summer time, and it was very cold in the winter time.

Q. What kind of clothing did you wear? A. Well, I had only one dress, and the other clothes what I had on I used to borrow from the girls.

Q. Just a dress— A. Yes, sir. That was a brown dress I got from the House of the Good Shepherd.

Q. What underclothing did you have? A. I didn't have any underclothing at all.

Q. In the winter time? A. No, sir.

V.

Little Josie Anderson served one year and seven months under the curriculum of this home of REFORMATION. She too was a laundry slave, washing and ironing the linen of great hotels and sleeping cars that the material comforts of the Roman Catholic hierarchy might be supplied.

If the womanly instincts of Josie at times revolted and exerted itself, a washboard or a clothes stick in the hands of the nuns fetched her back to the atmosphere of REFORM.

When questioned by her attorney she related this story relative to the laundry in which her tender form labored:

Q. In this laundry, how was that in the winter time? A. It was quite cold in the winter.

Q. Did you do laundry work too? A. Yes, sir, I did when I first came there.

Q. How long? A. About five months.

Q. When was that, in the fall of the year? What time did you go in the last time? A. Thirteenth of November.

Q. Now, the last time? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was there, or not, a floor in there? A. Well, the floor was ripped up in the back part, it was sandy.

Q. What was there for floor? A. It was just boards.

Q. Did you get wet and catch cold from washing in there? A. Well, I was sick before I went there and —well, when I stayed there awhile I didn't come unwell before three or four months after.

Q. Before you went there you were all right? A. Yes, sir.

Q. So after you were there washing, you were irregular for three or four months? A. Yes, sir.

VI.

Agnes Taylor, a seventeen-year-old country girl, was railroaded into this place by a Mrs. Root, who seems to have been a constant worker to keep the House of the Good Shepherd filled with victims. She washed and polished shirts while the nuns in this place polished her physique along the lines laid down in the book of rules of this institution.

This little girl gives some idea of other conditions in this laundry run for the purpose of reforming the inmates.

Q. And you were first put in the laundry, and then afterwards changed to the sewing department? A. Yes.

Q. Now, during the two years that you were in the laundry department do you know how the table(the food) was there? A. It was very poor.

Q. How many hours a day did you have to work? A. From eight until twelve and from twelve to a quarter to six.

Q. And then did you work evenings? A. Yes, sir, sometimes.

Q. Now, how was the laundry downstairs in the basement there where the laundry was, how was it, cold or warm in the winter? A. It was cold in the winter.

Q. How were the floors, wet or dry? A. They were wet all the time during the washing.

Q. Do you know whether the clothes, the girls' clothes, became wet there while they were working? A. They had wet feet.

Q. Did you go barefooted? A. No, I didn't.

Q. Did you have shoes? A. I had shoes, but they wasn't all the time good shoes.

Q. Did your feet get wet? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, when you went to the House of the Good Shepherd, did you know where you were going? A. No, I did not.

Q. Did Mrs. Root tell you? A. No, she didn't.

VII.

After digesting this testimony which could be largely increased had we the space, the reader begins to get some idea as to the treatment these girls get in the House of the Good Shepherd. Health ruined totally by overwork and by exposures that retard nature having her perfect way. Motherhood stifled by the greed for dollars.

What is it all for? My sister, can't you see through the thin gauze lying between you and the ultimate pur-

pose of this inhuman, brutish treatment? The game is to crush to the very earth every ambition these girls ever had to take their places in the world, by which process these scheming nuns know they have them for life and their toil will contribute to the profits of the institution. Honor gone, aspiration smothered, self respect deadened, womanly longings to have a home and a child to cheer it poisoned, these inmates are fit subjects for the slave pens maintained in these institutions.

Human greed is back of it all, and human greed knows no mercy, has no honor, possesses no heart, is a stranger to the tender sentiments of real human beings, is the god of devils in human form. Its shriveled soul cannot comprehend the spirit of altruism, its brutish desires crush into the dust all respect for the feelings of others; its god is gold, and its highest aspiration is to fatten off the misfortunes of the unfortunate and helpless. Its noblest impulse is brutishness and cruelties unspeakable; its loftiest thought is the exercise of that impulse.

These are the foundation of the rules of the House of the Good Shepherd plying their trade in almost every city in our fair land.

The little girls whose ambition is something above the uninviting environment of their homes, girls who really want to do as they see other womankind do, live as they live, are the victims who are railroaded to these places and fitted to take their places with thousands of others of the same class who have preceded them into the palaces of scarlet sin.

My motherly instinct prompts me to appeal to the

women of America as only a mother can appeal to remedy this evil and wash out this black spot on the otherwise immaculate escutcheon of AMERICAN WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER TEN.

"THOU SHALT NOT MUZZLE THE OX WHEN HE TREADETH OUT THE CORN."

The array of witnesses for the plaintiff in the trial testify that the food and clothing provided by this St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd were both unwholesome and inadequate for the needs of the inmates.

Bear in mind that these girls were put to the hardest sort of labor, that they labored long hours, often far into the night time, that they were giving their labor free to this institution, that the House of the Good Shepherd was selling the product of that labor for large profit.

The woman at the head of this House testifies that these girls received their food, clothes, sleeping apartments, and medical attention.

By the testimony of the inmates, all of whom are agreed, one can see that Susan Crow, the mother Provincial, is not telling the truth when she is describing the food furnished by this institution.

II.

Question—In this particular ward that the plaintiff, Seline Clewett, was in, was sugar furnished, placed upon

the table with their food? Answer—Sugar is not placed upon the table, but their coffee, etc., is sugared.

Q. Did they have sugar with their coffee? A. Sugar in their coffee, certainly.

Q. But it was not placed upon the table? A. No, sir.

Q. You say it was cooked in their coffee? A. Not cooked, it was fixed by the sister. Of late years I believe the coffee (and it is well to understand) I think, some time since, the sugar is passed around, but I know as a general thing it is placed in the coffee.

Note—After this suit was brought the nuns fixed up the place in some respects and corrected some abuses that had characterized the old regime. This is probably the reform Susan Crow is referring to.

Q. Where is the food prepared? A. In the sister's department.

Q. And the sisters prepare the food? A. The sisters, and two children from that department, and two from the other departments.

Q. Two from each of the reformatories? A. Two from each of the reformatories, and the sisters.

Q. And the food is then carried in and placed upon the table in these two reformatories? A. In the refectory dining room.

Q. Now, are they allowed butter on the table, to eat? A. Certainly they are, but not at every meal. We couldn't afford it.

Q. How frequently would you say? A. Well, perhaps about three or four times a week.

Q. Are they allowed milk on the table? A. Their milk is put in the coffee.

Q. But that is all the milk they get? A. Yes—the children get a glass of it.

Q. There were some delicate children in the ward? A. Yes, sometimes; there are sometimes people who require milk. Unless in case of sickness or delicacy, the general class have no milk. As a general thing no milk except in their coffee.

Q. And only milk in their coffee once a day? A. Coffee and tea mornings, noon and night.

Q. What do they have at noon? They have tea twice a day, you say, and coffee once? A. Yes, sir.

Q. They have no milk furnished them at any time, except to put in their coffee? A. No, none to drink.

Q. Are they furnished cheese to eat? A. Once in a while.

Q. How frequently? A. That I don't know, I couldn't testify.

Note—This woman did all the buying of the groceries. She well knew what was furnished for the tables. She gave the orders as to what the inmates were to have for their meals. When on the stand her memory is at times powerfully out of tune with facts. She knew when cheese or anything else was to be given the inmates at meal time.

Q. Would you say it was as often as once in five months? A. Yes, more than that.

Q. Are they really given pepper on the table? A. THEIR FOOD IS SEASONED FOR THEM.

Q. Their breakfast consists of what? A. It varies; every day I think they are different.

Q. About what is it—the usual fare? A. Well, they get PERFECTLY GOOD—(Here her attorney, O'Brien, a Roman Catholic interposed and objected to her answering further).

After the objection of the attorney was over-ruled, Susan Crow proceeded as follow:

A. They get perfectly good, homemade bread at every meal. For their breakfast they get that and this coffee, and they get what we call hash, that is fresh meat, brought from Comiskey Brothers.

Q. Hash and bread? A. Wait, let me testify. Hash, bread and coffee, one meal. If they get hash they don't get butter. If they get butter they don't get hash, as we can't afford to give a variety—a hotel fare. On Wednesdays they get white bread, coffee, corn-bread and molasses. That is breakfast. This is the bill of fare for breakfast.

Q. I am talking now—just commence at Monday and give me Monday's dinner, breakfast and supper. A. Now the sister may vary it, with my permission. It is my permission to vary it at any time the children don't like a special food. The general run is that. They get bread and hash and coffee for breakfast, or mush. Now I will give you the breakfast bill of fare: butter, corn-bread and molasses, and that is the breakfast.

Q. If they get the corn bread they get neither the hash nor the mush? A. No.

Q. So it is really two things, bread and one substance? A. One substance and coffee.

Q. Now for dinner? A. For dinner they get soup, generally two kinds of vegetables, always fresh meat, and tea and bread.

Q. What are the vegetables? A. Potatoes.

Q. What else? A. Cabbage, lettuce.

Q. But potatoes forms one, I suppose, ot the vegetables that you mention? A. Yes.

Q. Then meat, you say, and soup? A. Yes.

Q. Now for supper what? A. For supper they get either butter—when they get one they don't get the other—either butter, molasses and bread, or hash again, or stew made of fresh meat, or prunes, or apples or baked apples.

Q. If they get one, you say the others they do not get? A. Yes.

Q. So it is either tea, butter and bread, or tea and hash? A. Yes.

Q. Or tea and mush? A. Yes.

Q. Or tea and prunes? A. And with bread.

Q. Or bread and prunes? A. Yes.

Q. Or tea, bread and apples? A. Yes.

Q. Now on Tuesday what was their feed? A. I will give you the general line for the whole week. In fruit season they got fruit once in a while, and they get pie, dessert a couple of times a week, at times when the fruit is not in season, puddings of some kind.

Q. Once in a while, you say, they get pie. How frequently do they get pie? A. Well, the sister told me some time ago—I asked her how often she gave them pie, I think she told me once or twice a week, and pudding and other things.

Note—This woman already testified that she made up the bill of fare, that she ordered what should be cooked and served, now she, in her wigglings and absent-mindedness saddles the bill of fare onto one of the so-called sisters. For a girl who had worked twelve or sixteen hours over the wash tub, and endured a few beatings with a clothes stick in the mean-time, one really wonders if tea and prunes was sufficiently nourishing to encourage them growing into REFORM. Tea and bread and prunes most likely would encourage docility in the refractory ones, but these girls needed strong food to fit them for the strong tasks they were made to perform.

Q. What is this pudding? A. Raisin pudding.

Q. Isn't it made of breads? A. Not always.

Q. Isn't it a pudding made of chopped bread? A. And currants and sugar and milk.

Q. Are you sure about the currants and sugar? A. Not always, but sometimes. My grocery bill will tell you what I get.

Q. Have you a great many others there besides these two wards? A. No, the same food goes to all.

Q. How many sisters have you there? A. Thirty-five.

Q. You feed them there? A. Same way.

Q. Have you the Magdalenes there? A. The same food goes to them.

Q. How many of them? A. Thirty, I told you before; about between 32 and 33. Same food goes to them.

Q. You say that the sisters there feed upon the

same diet as these? A. I say the sisters get the same groceries and meat that the children do.

Note—She does not say the nuns consume the same quality of food. She is dodging the truth here and trying to make believe the nuns fare is the same as the inmates.

Q. And do they get the same quantity? A. The same quantity, all they could eat.

Q. What is your rule there when an inmate of a ward demands to have a second dish? A. Give it to her by all means. If it has been refused to an inmate, it has never been done to my knowledge nor consent.

Q. Isn't it a fact that they get a scolding and get punished—either punished or severely scolded—if they ask for a second dish? A. I never heard of it in all my life, and I have been in the reformatory business for 22 years.

Note—We shall see how false this testimony is when we review the testimony of the girls who ate at those inmate tables.

Q. Now did you not for a while get food from the hotels, or some of them, in this city? A. Never since I have been in charge.

Note—I have the word of two Minneapolis business men whose affidavits I can secure at pleasure, who tell me they saw, not once, but divers times, the nuns of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" in Minneapolis, with a one horse covered wagon hauling the swill from the Russell Coffee House in Minneapolis over to their institution. We dare a contradiction to this performance.

As to what this House of the Good Shepherd dealt out for its inmates to eat, the plaintiff in this case says:

Q. What did you generally have to eat there? What did you have for breakfast? A. On Monday we have hash for breakfast; sometimes oat meal.

Q. What with it? Well, if you have hash do you have oatmeal? A. No Sir.

Q. Well what goes with that? A. Just had oatmeal—that is all, no sugar no milk.

Q. Would you have coffee? A. Very weak, couldn't hardly drink it.

Q. No sugar. Did they put sugar and milk in the coffee? A. A very few drops of milk.

Q. Any sugar? A. About two or three times a year you would get sugar in your coffee.

Q. Did you have bread? A. Black, sour bread.

Note—The manager of this place, whose testimony just precedes this, testified that sometimes the inmates were given white bread, which indicates that the bread they generally ate was of dark, inferior flour. Evidently it was what is known in milling parlance, shorts. On the other hand, this same woman testified the inmates were given "PERFECTLY GOOD BREAD."

Q. Well, now for dinner, what did you have? A. For dinner on Monday we would have dumpling, boiled—and they were so hard you would have to cut them with a knife, and you couldn't hardly chew them.

Q. Well, would you have any kind of meat? A. In with the dumplings, pork or whatever it was.

Q. Yes, you would have some meat with the dumpling, you say? A. Yes, it was all together, pudding and meats, all in one kettle.

Q. Where was this food prepared? A. Out in the kitchen, on the other side.

Q. Did they bring it over to you? A. The girl used to bring the meals over.

Q. How was it served to you, how would you get it? A. They would bring it over in the kettle, or whatever it was, and the girls that waited on the table would dish it out and pass it around.

Q. Suppose you wanted more, what would they do then? A. If they didn't have enough you would have to go without.

Q. Well, supposing you would ask for another dish, what would they do? A. You wouldn't get it.

Q. Now the meat they gave you there, what kind of meat was it? A. Most HAMRINDS AND BONES.

Q. Was it good and wholesome meat, or wasn't it? A. Sometimes we couldn't smell of it, it was so strong.

Q. Well, supposing you didn't eat it, what would you do then? A. Had to go without.

Q. Now for supper, what did you get? A. Sometimes we would get bread pudding on Mondays, and what you call bread pudding with a little sugar to flavor it. That was all you would get when you was tired from washing all day.

Q. Would they give you anything to drink with your meals, dinner and supper, what did they give you to drink? A. You would have tea for dinner.

And what for supper, what kind of tea? A. Well, water beats it.

Q. And what for supper? A. Tea.

Q. And what else? A. Get pudding or baked apples or sauce, or something of that kind.

Q. Well, would you get altogether, would you get the pudding and the baked apples and sauce altogether? A. Oh no, just one thing at a time.

Q. Did you ever have any sugar on the table there? A. No Sir.

Q. Did you ever get any butter? A. Once in a great while.

Q. Did you get any cheese served up to you? A. I never seen cheese.

Q. Any milk on the table? A. No Sir.

Q. Any eggs? A. We would get one, I think it was on Easter Sunday.

Q. One egg on Easter Sunday. Were there any days in the year there that they got you any better fare than this you have described? A. The 25th of March and Christmas.

Q. What would they give you then? A. We would have extra meals then, sugar in your coffee, and your coffee was a little stronger, and pie and something of that kind.

IV

Jennie Purdy's testimony corroborates that of Miss Clewett as to the food.

Q. What kind of food did they give you? A. Well, on Monday morning we would have hash, and for dinner we would get potatoes and very little potatoes

at that—with the skin on, and a piece of meat, and sometimes we couldn't sit at the table from the smell of it. If you didn't eat that you would have to go without. You would get your tea (hot water) and whatever vegetables you get would be boiled in warm water—that was all—and a little salt with it.

Q. Any pepper with it to season it? A. No sir, nothing but salt on the table and bread.

Q. Did you many times leave your food because you couldn't eat it, too? A. Yes Sir.

Q. Did you see others do that? A. Yes Sir, I have had to get up from the table and leave, on account of the food, for it has made me sick.

Note—During this same examination of this girl, the attorney asked her:

Q. What kind of bread did they give you there? A. Well, we generally had old black sour bread.

Q. Did you ever see any sugar while you were there? A. No Sir.

Note—Mr. Herbert Hoover does not seem to be the inventer of food economy. Mr. Hoover would appear as the Prodigal Son compared with these Houses of the Good Shepherd.

Q. Did you ever see any milk on the table? A. No Sir.

Q. Did they put any in the coffee? A. Well, the least little bit, sometimes, just so it will be kind of white, put the least few drops.

Q. How much butter did they serve you and when? A. Well, when we generally got butter or probably with a little potatoes and boiled beans that was hard enough if you throwed them at a person you would knock them

down—old dry boiled beans and a little butter to butter about two slices of bread.

Q. And did they generally give you that for supper? A. Well, for supper sometimes, we would get this paper pie.

Q. Paper pie? A. It would stick to your jaws, you couldn't get your jaws apart when you were chewing on it. They would put the paper in the pan and then put a crust that was about that thick (indicating) and then around scatter a few prunes on there, no cover on it, and they would give you a little square of that; if you could chew on that, that was all right. I often thought I wold get the lock jaw a chewing on it.

Q. Was that all you got with your tea? A. Yes, tea and bread, that's what you got for your supper.

Q. Would they give you any pepper? A. No Sir.

Q. Were your victuals cooked with any seasoning at all? A. Well, no they were not.

Q. How were your vegetables cooked? A. They were simply boiled in a little water and a little salt put in them.

Q. What did they say to you if you asked for more? A. Well, there wasn't generally any to give from, wasn't any left to give the second portion.

Q. Well, supposing you didn't eat your meal, what did they tell you? A. Well, they would say you was particular, maybe you didn't have as good when you was out—many are out that ain't getting as good as you girls is.

V

Mazie Roberts next testifies as to the food these nuns gave the inmates.

Q. Now Mary what do you say about what you had to eat there—food? A. Generally hash or stew.

Q. Hash and what? A. Hash and stew.

Q. Well, if you got hash you didn't get stew did you? A. No sir.

Q. If you got one thing at any time, you didn't generally get anything else? A. No sir.

Q. How often did you eat eggs? A. Once a year.

Q. Well, now what do you say about the meat they used to give you to eat there? A. It was pretty bad.

Q. Well, did it stink? A. Oh sometimes it stinked, yes sir.

Q. Did you ever fail to eat it because it smelled so bad? A. Yes sir, a good many couldn't eat it.

Q. Well, did you ever go hungry there? A. Yes sir.

Q. More than once? A. Yes sir, more than once.

Q. Did you ever see any sugar there? A. Never.

Q. Any cheese? A. Never.

Q. Any milk? A. Never.

Q. Did you ever see any butter? A. Once in a great while.

Q. What kind of bread was it you generally got? A. Hard bread and sour.

VI

The nun Zephrine's testimony is at variance with that of the inmates who testified in court as to the food.

Q. Does your position there give you a knowledge of the manner in which the inmates are fed? A. Yes sir.

Q. Now you may tell us the manner in which these

girls in the laundry department are fed. The general nature of their food, what it consists of. A. Well, their food varies—generally they have for breakfast hash, coffee, bread. Sometimes they have oatmeal and milk. Sometimes cornbread and molasses. Sometimes butter instead of syrup. I have on many occasions seen biscuits and butter.

Note—the girls testify there was no milk with this oatmeal at all. Susan Crow testifies there was no milk, that they could not afford a hotel fare. Cornbread and black strap molasses may be a food for reform, but if it is, it is new to most mothers who are trying to bring out the best in their children.

Q. For breakfast? A. Yes sir.

Q. And as a general thing what does the noon meal consist of? A. They have meat and potatoes and other vegetables—the other vegetable dishes. One day they have one—cabbage, turnips—whatever it may be and bread, tea. Those who can't drink tea have coffee.

Note—This woman would have us believe that "the other vegetable dishes" about which she speaks were individual dishes upon which were served vegetables for the inmates, when the fact is all this stuff was brought over from the kitchen in a large kettle, all in there together, and dished up to these girls just as the farmer dishes up swill to his swine. No doubt there was a variety of vegetables in this stuff if it was the swill gathered from the downtown hotels and eating houses. Then again, it seems to be far from the truth when he says the inmate had the option of either tea or coffee, when the fact is they served but one at a meal and those who did not partake of it, went without.

Q. Now the evening meal? A. For supper they have sauce of some kind. On Monday nights they have meat, either cold meat or hot meat. Sometimes they have oatmeal, sometimes pudding and other kind. Several times a week they have dessert for dinner.

VII

In 1912, a little girl escaped from the House of the Good Shepherd on Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio. In an interview with little Cecelia, and when asked what they gave her to eat, she said:

"We were called at five o'clock in the morning and at half past five we must be dressed, have our beds made, and be ready to go down to breakfast, such as it was."

"And what did you have for breakfast, Cecelia?"

"Oatmeal with a little blue milk, but no sugar, two thin slices of stale bread and a cup of chicory coffee. You see, everything is dished up in portions there and each girl gets her portion, no more. Why, the girls that have been used to decent food nearly starve to death when they first go there, but finally they all have to get used to their prison fare."

"Then I understand that after breakfast the girls all go to the chapel for worship," I said suggestively.

"WORSHIP!" And there were volumes of meaning in the tone in which she repeated the word—"WORSHIP," she continued, "You mean mass. At a quarter till six all the girls are marched into the chapel to that terror called mass—say, did you ever try kneeling a whole hour at a time? Well, that's what mass meant to us poor girls, and every morning too.

"Then at seven o'clock we were marched through

that long, long, dark, cement, underground tunnel to work in the Bank Street Laundry, or else on Rauh and Mack's machines in that sweat shop shirt factory or making overalls or jackets on those awful power machines, or making shoulder braces, and there we worked like slaves, till noon and then, why then we were marched back to a dinner of stew, or 'slum' (slum is short for slumgulion).

"This may not sound pretty, but it's the truth, that slop is a mixture of scraps of refuse meat and comebacks from cheap hotels and restaurants that they gather by begging all over the city. You know they beg nearly all the stuff they feed these girl prisoners on."

VIII

Dorothy Nichols, the girl I referred to in another chapter, and who was railroaded to the Chicago House of the Good Shepherd by a priest in Illinois, says of the food in the Chicago institution:

"Our food was exactly as described by Cecelia, slops, refuse, garbage, and comebacks begged over the city by the nuns. Not only that, but as a usual thing this nasty, unsavory mess was actually alive with cockroaches. Meat was a rarity, but occasionally some Catholic grocer or butcher would donate some spoiled or decaying meat to the sisters—for sweet charity's sake—and I have often seen white maggots crawling over our meat, it was fairly alive with them.

On Catholic feast days we usually had a treat of jelly donated by some of the wholesale houses—always with the reasons for the charity crawling through it in

the form of ants—or else one could find the reason in the smell."

Voluminous evidence is at hand substantiating this given and showing that these pest houses are not only starving these poor girls, but working them more inhumanly that the Spanish buccaneers worked their captives in olden times. I am interested in knowing if the American womanhood will permit this crime to continue, this deception longer ensnare our daughters and prepare them for the palaces of sin. Multitudes of them have already gone this road. Their education amply fitted them for such a life. The instincts of humanity are crushed out of their souls by underfeeding, by over working, by inhuman treatment. The aspirations of womanhood is lost in the environment of deception they observe in these dens. To cover up their iniquitous practices, now and then they invite some commission, or some delegation from this society or that to visit these places and see how marvelously they are run and what great strides in reform they are making. Generally these delegations are composed of those who have an ax to grind, and after a casual journey through the halls, a peep into the rooms, a visit to the kitchen and dining room, the return singing the praises of these institutions. They are not allowed to talk privately with the inmates. They do not come within gun shot of the awful aches in those little breasts, they do not see these prison dens in their every day clothes. What they see is what has been purposely placed in sight for them to see, no more. For years the public has been deceived in this way, and will no doubt continue to be deceived

until the wrath of American womanhood rises up and throws off the veil that shields those iniquitous places and rescues the little inmates. The city newspapers would not expose them for the whole world; the business men cannot afford to have their business boycotted, their line of credit at the banks cut off, the minister of the gospel would be called a crank if he stood four-square in his pulpit and told the people what was going on. The publicist would be in danger of his very life if he rented a theatre and uncovered these places. The Roman Catholic mob would pounce down on him and tear his very limbs from his body.

The task, therefore, falls upon the grace and the courage of our womanhood. Where is the Moses that will lead us through the desert of abuse, vilification papal mobs, burned homes that these daughters of our mothers may find liberty?

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

"WHY TAKE YE THOUGHT FOR RAIMENT."

I.

Whatever may be said about the Houses of the Good Shepherd, they seem to be wise to one verse of Scripture at least. The evidence all along the line shows that so far as their inmates are concerned they have taken precious little "thought for raiment." Of course these young women don't receive any gentlemen callers during their detention, but they are human and suffer the inconveniences of humans when the chilly winds catch them with no clothing on but one thin cotton dress. Then, too, some of the girls, when they come to these places bring along a suitcase of clothing and its cheaper for the girls to borrow than it is to expend perfectly good money to fit them out.

The mother Provincial, Susan Crow, testified at the Clewett trial that her institution furnished clothing to the inmates free of charge. She seemed greatly put out at the very suggestion or intimation that she did not provide an abundance of apparel to her wards.

Question—Do you furnish the inmates of this ward, or have you ever furnished them clothing? Answer—Why, certainly.

Q. What clothing do you furnish them? A. All the clothing they wear.

Q. Now isn't it a fact that when an inmate goes in there, that they must wear the clothing they bring, and when they wear that out you don't furnish any? A. Well, if they only wore the clothing that they came in, they would be very poorly fixed up.

Q. Do you furnish them any? A. I do.

Q. What? A. Dresses, underwear, stockings, shoes—I furnish them all of that.

Q. Did you furnish the plaintiff (Seline Clewett), anything of that kind? A. I certainly know she was furnished.

Q. Did you? A. I didn't personally, I furnished the class.

Q. She was there two years and three months. Did you ever furnish her, except this dress, this black dress? (This was the dress they gave Miss Clewett when they thought she was going to join the Magdalenes, in which event they had her services for life.) A. I furnished none of them individually.

Q. No, but I mean did your institution furnish her with a solitary piece of wearing apparel? A. I certainly think we did. I furnished the class with all these articles. I mean the different departments, I mean the reformatories.

II.

Over against the testimony of Susan Crow, which by its evasiveness, its dodging the issue, every one can see is false, we give the experience of the girls who spent from several months to several years in this

St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd. The first witness we shall call is Seline Clewett:

Q. When you went into that place did you have any clothes? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, were they taken with you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How many dresses did you have, do you remember? A. I had a couple of colored dresses and two woolen dresses.

Q. And did you have underwear? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you have more than one pair of shoes, or just one pair? A. One pair of shoes.

Q. Any hat? A. Yes, sir, I had two.

Q. What kind? A. I had a summer hat and a winter hat.

Q. Now, during the time you were in there, did you wear these clothes? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, how much? A. I wore my own clothes right along.

Q. Well, were they pretty well worn out? A. Well, I had worn them out.

Q. How about your shoes? A. Well, they bought me a couple of pairs during the time (2½ years).

Q. What kind of shoes? A. Oh, low shoes.

Q. Well, do you know about how expensive they were? A. They were cheap shoes, I don't know how much.

Q. Is that all that you remember that they bought for you? A. Shoes is all I can remember.

Q. How long did you have this habit, this dress, that you had on when you escaped? How long had you had that? A. It wasn't two months.

Q. Did they keep that when they took it off of you that time that you went back? A. Sir?

Q. Did they keep that then, or did you wear it after that? A. No, I didn't wear it after.

Q. Now when you got out, what clothes did you have to wear? A. I had an old black skirt when I came out.

Q. What condition was it in? A. Sir?

Q. What condition was it in? Was it worn out or otherwise? A. They were pretty well worn.

Q. What kind of shoes? A. I had on the same low shoes they gave me.

Q. What kind of hat? A. I had on a little hat I made myself.

III.

Norman Clewett was cousin of Seline Clewett and the man who came to the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd and took Seline out. I shall let him tell his own story as he found her. On the stand he was questioned by attorney for plaintiff.

Q. What kind of a rig did Seline have on when she came out of there? A. Well, she had a very poor rig.

Q. What kind of shoes did she have? A. She had a pair of low shoes.

Q. What kind of weather was this? A. This was cold weather.

Q. Last winter? A. Yes, sir.

Q. In February? A. In February.

Q. Was the snow deep? A. Yes, sir, it was.

Q. How far did she have to walk to the car? A. I should think about five or six blocks.

Q. What kind of road was it? A. It was a bad road, it was blowing and it was drifting.

Q. What kind of coat did she have? A. She had on a little short coat.

Q. One of these little jackets? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What kind of hat? A. She had a little black hat.

IV.

Mrs. Tanner was living in St. Paul at the time Seline Clewett was taken out of the House of the Good Shepherd at St. Paul. Norman Clewett took Seline to the home of Mrs. Tanner, because she was not suitably dressed to take out before the public. Mrs. Tanner tells us how she was dressed.

Q. Do you remember the time that Seline, the plaintiff here, got out of the House of the Good Shepherd? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Last winter? What month was it in? A. I think it was February, the latter part.

Q. What kind of weather was there then? A. Very cold.

Q. Was there much snow on the ground, do you remember, last winter? A. Well, I think there was, if I remember right.

Q. And at that time? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see Seline when she came from the House of the Good Shepherd that day? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see the clothes she had on? A. I saw her just as she was dressed.

Q. Well now, just tell the jury how she was dressed. A. Well, she was dressed very poor for being out on a cold day.

Q. Do you know whether she had any underwear? Well, tell the jury as well as you can. A. I didn't examine her clothes. I don't know just what they were; they were very poor. They were all she had; they were as good as completely worn out.

Q. Did you see her underwear? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How was that? A. That was completely worn out. It would scarcely make paper rags.

Note—The reader will make note of the fact this underwear had been worn by this girl for two years and six months, during her incarceration in this House of the Good Shepherd, and attention is here called to this, because the mother provincial testified that she furnished these girls with the needed clothing all the time.

Q. Besides the underwear, what gowns did she have, what skirts? A. As to her underskirts I don't know whether she had any or not, and her outside skirt was made out of several different kind of goods.

Q. What kind of shoes did she have? A. A pair of low slippers.

Q. Any overshoes? A. No, sir.

Q. What kind of stockings? A. Cotton stockings, if I remember right.

Note—Before this girl could go to the home of her friends, Mrs. Tanner and some ladies had to make her some clothes, notwithstanding she had given the House of the Good Shepherd two and one-half years hard and honest labor. She had clothed herself, save two pairs of cheap low shoes, said by witnesses on the

stand to be worth fifty cents the pair. These heartless wretches, sailing under the deception of maintaining a reformatory, purloining money under the guise of religion, and then sending this poor girl out into the cold and the snow with not sufficient clothes to flag a hand-car.

But this case is in no way different from hundreds of similar ones occurring in every part of the United States. A teaching nun in Chicago told the writer comparatively recently that she worked in one of the convents twenty-one years and when she made up her mind she could stand the deceptions and the fraud no longer, the institution refused to give her five cents to pay her car fare into the city to her home.

Truly the word REFORMATION covers a multitude of sins.

V.

Rev. C. A. Hultkrans, a Lutheran minister of St. Paul, and connected with the Bethseda Hospital of that city, had occasion to go to this St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd after one of the inmates whose parents lived in Sweden. After the preliminaries the attorney asked Rev. Hultkrans these questions to which he answered as recorded.

Q. Did you take her away? Molly Hart? A. Yes.

Q. Now just tell the jury the condition she was in, her clothes and things, when you took her away from there. A. Well, she had very old and poor clothes, so we could not take her down town. We took her to a house nearby and sent clothes up to her.

Q. To where? A. Well, I don't know exactly the house now.

Q. You say you sent up clothes to her so she could put them on? A. Yes, before she came down town.

Q. How long did you learn she had been in there at that time? A. I think she said eighteen months. It was either eighteen months or two years, I wouldn't be positive.

Q. She had been committed by the Municipal court, had she? A. Yes, for ninety days.

Q. For ninety days, and kept there eighteen months or two years? A. Yes.

Q. And at the time you were there she was at least twenty years old? A. Yes.

Q. Do you remember what kind of shoes she had on at that time? A. No, they were like the rest of the clothing worn.

Q. Well, was she in condition fit to be seen on the street in the clothing she had on? A. No, we didn't want to take her down street or down town, and she didn't want to go in that way.

Note—I want the reader to set this minister's testimony over against the dodging replies Susan Crow, the mother provincial of the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, made to the attorney's questions relative to furnishing these inmates with clothing. This man had no particular interest in this case. He relates his experience in a straightforward way and tells us of the girl he was instrumental in rescuing from this den of deception. This girl had toiled for almost if not all of two long years for the House of the Good Shepherd.

Her earnings were well worth three hundred to four hundred dollars, yet had to be hid away when she left until apparel was provided for her decent appearance on the streets.

AMERICANS! you have won more than one star of glory, but there's yet one to win, and I pray to God that He will give you courage to win it for the sake of the womanhood and motherhood of your delightsome land.

VI.

One of the girls confined in this institution was Mazie Roberts, who testifies that she was sent outside in the yard one cold day to shovel the snow from the premises. In order to show how the Mother Provincial cared for and furnished suitable clothing to the inmates I shall let this girl tell us what her apparel consisted of in the performance of this chilly duty.

Q. Was it outside the house? A. It was outside, yes, sir.

Q. What did you have on when you was doing that (shoveling snow)? A. I had an old black wrapper on. One of the girls let me take it.

Q. Any underclothing? A. No, sir.

Q. No shoes? A. Yes, sir, an old pair of shoes. They were torn.

Q. How long were you kept out there at that work? A. I was kept out about an hour.

VII.

The next witness is Emma Cote.

Q. Now all the time you were there, what did they

give you to wear? How much wearing apparel did they give you? A. They gave me about seven to ten dollars worth.

Q. What were they, what was the material? A. They gave me shoes.

Q. How many pair? A. I had three pair.

Q. What kind? A. Well, I had two pair of low shoes and one pair of high shoes.

Q. Those low shoes, about what were they worth a pair? A. They were not worth fifty cents.

Q. What was the other pair worth? A. Worth about the same.

Q. What else did they give you while you were there? A. They gave me gauze shirts, they gave me two of them, and they gave me aprons and a couple of dresses.

Q. What kind of a dress? A. It was a calico waist and a black skirt.

Q. What kind of black skirt, what goods? A. Well, it was cheap stuff, I know that.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

TRAVELING AGENTS OF PAPAL REFORM.

I.

John Purroy Mitchell, one of the best mayors New York ever had, and himself an ardent Roman Catholic, offered himself to his country and went to his death a few months ago when his airship collapsed.

Mayor Mitchell had a heart, which fact accounts for his defeat for a second term as mayor. His crime was his brave and humane stand to clean up the Roman Catholic orphanages in New York and give the defenseless little boys and girls something like the treatment of human beings.

The commission Mitchell appointed to investigate these cess pools of vermin, filth and starvation made its investigation and filed its report. The decent citizenry of the metropolis held up its hand in holy horror at the state of affairs in these Papal institutions. The mayor said it was disgrace to barbarism and immediately set about to correct it. The Roman Catholic hierarchy defied the Mayor and all the law he had at his command, and the thousands of helpless orphans continue to live in filth, disease, vermin, and all the other

inhuman appurtenances characteristic of Roman Catholic institutions sailing under the deceptive disguise of eleemosynary institutions.

These New York orphanages were drawing hundreds of thousands of dollars annually from the City of New York, supposedly going into the pockets of the Cardinal and the Archbishops, while conditions no pen on earth could depict obtained in these places where little children were kept. Scores of boys were compelled to bathe in the same trough, the same water and use the same towel, though the Atlantic ocean was within a stone's throw of the place. Unthinkable vermin infested the places and traveled at will over the emaciated little bodies of these children. Insanitation beyond description was on all sides. Food that the farmer's pigs would refuse to even smell was, and without the shadow of doubt is yet, dealt out to these little ones whose bodies show the lack of nourishment. All this while the City of New York is supporting these places with annual appropriations.

When these conditions were brought to light the Hierarchy immediately brought its gatling guns into play and quashed any further investigation, villifying and persecuting Mayor Mitchell for his audacity in having a desire to help unprotected orphans. Mitchell was the most renowned member of the Papal System in New York, but that System never hesitates to crush its members when the System's interests are at stake, and John Mitchell was defeated by the Tammany gang under the leadership of Cardinal Farley, of whom the daily press tells us the President of the United States wired at his

death "the greatest citizen of the land the people mourn."

II.

The New York institutions are no exception to the rule. They are all of the same type, all have the same goal to reach, the almighty dollar; even the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd, if the testimony of inmates is of any value. Time after time one inmate after another testifies that these girls lined up to wash their faces in the same tin basin, and unless a girl owned her own towel and comb, which was frequently not the case, they all use these articles in common. The diseased ones and the well ones, old ones and young ones, stout ones and slim ones, all join in this barbarous communism.

These girls tell us they sometimes bathed their bodies. It was not a laborious task in so far as the preparation was concerned. A dozen or so of them at a time could go down into the basement and get a tub, then hang up a sheet for the sake of privacy and bathe one after another.

Oh yes, it was cold, but what of that, when this great institution of REFORM was donating all these conveniences and luxuries?

Thankless indeed, in their eyes, would be the person who would grumble at so small inconvenience as community towels, combs and other toilet articles. These girls had been accustomed to livestock roaming at will over their persons. They had become so accustomed to creeping things that they assumed they

were part and parcel of this REFORM institution. Such silent helpers were there when they arrived at the place, and they had been there all the time. How should they know but they had a right there?

III.

At the bathing facilities in this St. Paul institution of REFORM I will let Mazie Roberts tell you just what they were:

Q. How about washing? What kind of towels? Wash all on the same towel or wipe on the same towel? A. Well, there were some of the girls that had towels, but some of them none at all.

Q. How many of them had towels? A. Well, the new girls, some of them have one or two towels when they come.

Q. But after they have been there awhile they have to wipe on the regular towel, do they? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And how about combs? A. Well, whoever had a comb had one, and whoever didn't, why they couldn't get any, but they had to go and buy or borrow one from other girls.

Q. Had to use the same comb? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What kind of place did you have to wash? A. They had a hall and had about a dozen basins.

Q. Did they have any bath rooms there, where the girls could go and take a bath? A. Well, on Saturday—they were downstairs in the laundry—they used to put blankets up and make a hole for each girl. We took baths in a tub.

Q. That was all the facilities they had in winter time? A. Yes, sir, winter and summer.

IV.

On one occasion when there was to be "Open House" at the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd and after the place was cleaned up and some paper napkins and table cloths were put on the tables, the inmates of the reformatory departments were turned loose in the pens outside the building sometimes called parks, and told to jump around lively and show that they had some life in them, show to the world that they were working off the over feeding they were accustomed to. Some of them were scolded because their weary bodies did not have the "jump around spirit" in them.

Might it be possible these creeping things which all the inmates say were in this place were used to make the girls act lively when visitors were inspecting the place? That they were there we may be sure for the girls all say they were.

Josie Anderson on the stand said:

Q. Now what do you say about the place there being infested with vermin, bed bugs, and such things? A. Yes, there were bed-bugs too.

Q. Were there many of them? A. Quite a few.

Q. Could you see them, were they plenty enough so they were on the walls? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Were there girls that were lousy in there? A. Yes, sir, there was.

Q. Do you know whether they had to get any medicine to kill any vermin there? A. Well, they got some blue ointment one time.

Q. Did they continue right along while you were there? A. Yes, sir.

V.

Mazie Roberts testified on this point:

Q. Now what was the condition out there about bed-bugs? A. They were terrible.

Q. Well, did you see where any of the girls—Did they have lice too? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, did they stay in that condition? A. They stayed.

Nellie Drummy corroborates.

Q. Did you see any bed-bugs out there? A. Yes, I did.

Q. Were there very many? A. Yes, quite a few.

Q. How about the walls when you were there, were they white or black? A. Oh, they were white.

Q. Did you know of any other vermin there besides bed-bugs? A. Oh yes.

Q. The girls frequently got vermin, didn't they? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, would that continue right along there? A. Yes.

Seline Clewett testifying answered as follows:

Q. Well, how about bed-bugs out there? A. The beds were just loaded with bed-bugs.

Q. How about the walls, the walls of the building, were there any on them? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did that continue all the time that you were out there? Were the bed-bugs plentiful there all the time you were there? A. All the while I was there I couldn't sleep nights.

VI.

In 1912, Dorothy Nichols, whose testimony was used in another chapter, says of the Chicago House of the Good Shepherd:

"You ask me to tell something of the cleanliness and sanitary conditions of these Chicago penal convents, falsely called 'Houses of the Good Shepherd,' where I was imprisoned. There is much that I cannot tell but there is one condition that will give you some idea of the rest.

In summer the girls were required to bathe once a week, in winter once in two weeks. Here is a very choice bit of Catholic economy; in the old convent the water was only changed for every seventh girl, in the new one the nuns were more liberal and changed the water for every fourth girl. Water costs money, you know, in the city. Many of the girls were the victims of awful and nameless diseases—and the danger of infection in bathing was something dreadful.

VII.

The recital of these unmentionable conditions to which the daughters of mothers are subjected I know will leave in the mind of my readers the thought, "can all this be true, can even a part of it be true?" Let me assure you once again that it is true. The history of convents for twelve or more centuries confirms every word these witnesses have given, and when they have all had their say I assure you that the half has not been told.

The inhumanities practiced inside these locked doors

and barred windows, the indecent indignities to which womanhood is subjected, the brutish cruelties inflicted on helpless, suffering girls, the unmentionable filth in which they are compelled to live, the tainted, decaying food with which their emaciated bodies are sustained, the deadening of all womanly sense of virtue, the crown jewel of her superiority, surely are beyond comprehension. And its all because the almighty dollar stands in the way, its all because the Papal system's greed overshadows all that is sacred, all that is holy, all that is decent, all that is worth while, all that is humane.

Is it time, mothers of America, to throw off our false modesty and crush this hydra-headed monster that is sapping the life from the daughters of our sisters and enriching a foreign system whose headquarters is in the Vatican at Rome?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

"ROMANISM A SYNONYM FOR AUTOCRACY."

Those of us who are accustomed to see the nuns walking our streets get the idea that they are the embodiment of meekness personified, but to see them behind securely locked doors and high walls they present quite another aspect. The regal splendor of a Caesar in the Neroean age dose not surpass the obeisance demanded by the Mother Provincial of these Houses of the Good Shepherd. It seems not sufficient to work the inmates like a slave driver works his peons; not enough to compel them to live in filth and disease; not a fulfillment of their demands to inflict inhuman punishments on these girls, but in order to leave nothing undone that might crush out every vestige of womanhood and humanity, these inmates have to fall on their knees when this Mother Provincial comes into the room, and to stand at attention when she so much as passes by. Von Hindenberg is said to have had his Hun army under a discipline unprecedented heretofore by a commander, but this stern commander never yet exacted such obedience or obeisance from his men as this socalled Mother Provincial exacts from those who fall into her hands. On the witness stand she flatly denies this as we shall see.

Q. You pass through each ward frequently? A. Well, once or twice a week.

Q. Now when you go through, what is the usual ceremony? A. I generally go to see them on Sundays; as a general thing I see them all in the class room together.

Note—It is observed this woman dodges the attorney's question as to the ceremony when she passed through a room of a ward. She dodged telling him that every inmate must stand at attention till she had passed, just as the Allied army stands at attention when General Foch passes a review.

Q. What is it, you mean this class room? A. Recreation room.

Q. Recreation room, or where they do the ironing? A. Oh, no, no, no. They have a large class school room.

Q. How large is it? A. It must be 30x40; it is a large room; I don't know the dimensions.

Q. Are there seats in this room? A. Certainly—chairs.

Q. When you see them first, you see them in this class room? A. When I go to see them Sundays.

Q. There are no studies in it? A. That is the term we give it, class room.

Q. Now you meet them there frequently? A. As I said, I very often on Sundays, perhaps not every Sunday, but frequently.

Q. What takes place when you meet them? A. Why, they say good morning to me and I say good morning to them.

Q. Do you sit upon anything, does it have any throne, as you call it? A. There is no throne, I will assure you of that.

Q. Don't they call it the throne? A. There is a chair not quite as elevated as this.

Q. And they congregate about that? A. They sit all around me.

Q. You call that—that is called the throne isn't it? A. That is the name the children give it.

Q. Then what do you do when they get around you? A. Talk to them pleasantly.

Q. Do you give them your blessing? A. They don't come for it; sometimes they ask.

Q. You give a ceremony in which you bless them? Isn't that so? A. There is no ceremony about it.

Q. Now isn't there a time when they are compelled to kneel before you? A. They are never compelled.

Q. Well, they do, don't they? A. They do it of their own free will.

Q. Isn't it a rule that they should? A. No, not exactly a rule, there is no written rule for it.

Q. Whenever you go through this institution isn't it customary there for them all to kneel when you go by? A. To kneel down when I go by?

Q. Yes. A. Certainly not.

Q. Don't they have to observe any forms there at all to you? A. If they are sitting, out of common respect, when I pass through or come near them, out of common respect—as you would to an older person—they stand up.

Q. They have to stand up? A. Stand up.

Q. They do it out of respect when you go through the room? A. It is the custom.

Q. Well, supposing one didn't do it? A. She could sit down.

Q. What? A. She could sit down.

Q. Wouldn't there be some trouble about it? A. I don't think so. Other girls might say "why didn't you stand up when our Mother Provincial passed?"

Q. You wouldn't say anything about it, but wouldn't there be trouble about it? A. I hardly think so; the girls might think she was a little obstinate or—

Q. Isn't it true that every one in that institution, the nuns as well as the inmates, are bound to show you that respect when you come into the room? A. There is nothing binding about it. They do it through custom.

Note—Notwithstanding the artful dodging of this witness to keep from telling the truth in an honest straightforward way, the fact still remains that the inmates of the institution over which she presided were compelled to kneel down before her in the same manner that a Hindoo kneels before his idols. It is also a fact that if an inmate neglected or refused to thus kneel she would be severely punished by the nuns.

It is a further fact that this is the rule of the institution, as it is the rule of all these places, including the regular convents. This woman dodged the question of the attorney as to the custom being a rule, by saying "there was no written rule for it."

II.

Jennie Purdy's experience in this sweat shop entitles her to speak as to this Oriental obeisance required by the alleged Mother Provincial.

Q. Well, you heard the Mother Superior describe the throne, did you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. She says you don't have to get down on your knees unless you want to. A. We have to get down on our knees. On Sunday when we are told that she is coming around we are kept in ranks, and we are told by the mistress of the class when she comes in first we are to get in ranks, and to stand on the left side of her chair, and when she comes in we are to kneel down and get her blessing; then we are to stand and the nun kneels with us—then we are to stand up until she calls us up around her; then we go and kneel and speak to her.

Q. Well, does she ever compel you to kiss the floor? A. Well, if you did something you would certainly be compelled to kiss the floor.

Q. If you did any wrong or anything? A. Yes, if you did anything and you got to ask her pardon you have to kiss the floor.

Q. Are the girls there afraid of the Mother Provincial? A. Yes, sir, we are afraid of the Mother Provincial.

Q. Do the nuns do everything they can to make the girls afraid of her? A. Yes, sir.

III.

Nellie Drummy tells the same story about this barbarian splendor in vogue in this St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd.

Q. And would they kneel sometimes? A. Well, sometimes, yes.

Q. Kneel on the floor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now when the Mother Provincial came—or how frequently did the Mother Provincial—you knew her, didn't you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How frequently did she come there? A. She used to come in about every Sunday, and then sometimes oftener through the week.

Q. When she came what was done? A. When she came in all the girls got up and went up near the throne where she sat.

Q. And what did they do then? A. They used to some of them sing and others dance, and things like that to enjoy it.

Q. Did any of them kneel? A. Oh yes, sometimes.

Q. Did she give them her blessing? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did the sisters sing too? A. Yes, sir, when she gave the blessing.

Q. Now could you talk to the Mother Provincial at any time, could you? A. Well, I don't know.

Q. Or did you have to have permission? A. Oh, we had to have permission to talk to her privately.

Note—This Mother Provincial swore on the stand that any of these girls could talk to her at any time. The witnesses in this case testify that they had no means of reaching this head nun. To ask the nun in charge for the privilege would displace her and she would wreak her spite on them.

Q. From whom? A. From Mother St. Zephrine, our head mistress.

Mazie Roberts sets the Mother Provincial's testimony at naught.

Q. Well, what did you have to do when the Mother Superior or Mother Provincial called—came there? A. Well, we had to sit in ranks and when she came in we had to stand up, and then we had to kneel down when she was inside, and we got her blessing.

Q. Were you permitted to speak to her without the consent of the nun in charge? A. No, sir, never dared to speak to her without permission.

Q. That was one of the rules, was it, there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And did they enforce that rule? Did they make you mind it? A. Yes, sir, they made us mind it.

Q. Did you ever see it disobeyed there? A. What do you mean?

Q. Well, the rule was, you say, for them to keep away from the mother unless they get permission? A. Yes.

Q. Well, now, did you ever see them disobeying that rule, or breaking it, or was it always followed? A. No, I never seen them breaking it.

Q. Well, what kind of punishment would have been if they had broke it? A. Well, sometimes they made them kneel in the middle of the floor, and turn their dresses, and get their bag dresses on, and some of them they put a piece of paper on their forehead about that wide (indicating).

Q. Well, they always punished them, did they? A. Yes, sir.

Q. For any breach of these rules? A. Yes, sir.

IV.

Miss Edith O'Gorman, at one time a nun in the St. Elizabeth convent, Madison, New Jersey, throws some light on this rule of these Papal institutions. In her review of what a day consisted of in the convent she says:

"At eight o'clock the bell rings for Chapter, which I will try to explain as follows: The Superior sits and listens to the accusations or confessions of the sisters, which each one makes on her knees in the following manner:" Miss O'Gorman says then the Superior imposes penance in like manner as she may like or dislike the confessing nun. From her throne she exercises the same power as Nero exercised from his throne.

I need not remind the reader that all this is for the purpose of completely breaking the will of the inmate and with an iron heel crush out every spark of humanity and self respect. When this is accomplished the opportunity of keeping these girls and profiting by their life time service is greatly enhanced.

The nuns in this country are very largely Irish, as the priests are mostly Irish, and the Papal Irish love nothing under heaven so much as power or bossing. In view of this explanation one can readily see how this head of the great St. Paul REFORM FACTORY would glory in a throne and her slaves bowing at her feet.

V

While we are reviewing the kneeling process through which the inmates of these institutions pass, there is another phase of the methods I will here speak of, and which brings out the inhumanity of these nuns.

In order to make it the more explicit I shall let those who have experienced this little exercise of REFORM tell their own story.

In bringing out the different modes of punishment, the attorney asked the witness, Katie Conley, these questions, to which she replied as noted:

Q. Did you ever see them make them get down on their knees? A. Yes, sir, I did.

Q. How long would they make them stay on their knees? A. Sometimes for hours.

Q. In one position? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How often was this done? A. I seen it seven or eight times.

Q. When they made them get down on their knees did they get cushions for them to kneel on? A. No, no, certainly not.

Q. Kneel right on the hard floor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. On their knees? A. Yes, sir. They would think they would be too much of a lady to give them cushions. Talk about cushions there? Huh, I should say not.

Emma Cote says about this punishment:

Q. Now, were you compelled to do penance there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How? A. Why I had to kneel down in the class room one day from 8 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock at night.

Q. On the hard floor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. In one position? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you have anything to eat during that time? A. Why, when the dinner bell rang Mother St. Zephrine was passing through the class and all the girls went in to dinner, and Sister St. Bernard said: "Can she come to dinner?" She says, "No, leave her there, she is not worthy of it."

Q. Were you ever whipped there? A. Mother Bernard slapped me once across the face.

Q. Did they make you kneel to do penance at any other time? A. Knelt twice besides that. I knelt once with Jenny Purdy, from 6 o'clock at night till 8.

Q. And what other time? A. The other time I was sent in the class and Mother told me to kneel there. It was about 3 o'clock and I knelt until 6.

Q. Was it painful for you to kneel that way? A. Why, yes.

VI

Agnes L. Rush came to the stand next and testified to the same things.

Q. Did they have to do penance? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was that? A. Turn their dresses and kiss the floor and had a bag dress on.

Note—The bag dress here mentioned was a dress made of gunny sack and made the wearer the object of the sneer of the inmates. The turning of the dress was

considered a grade less severe, but its object was the same.

Q. And get on their knees? A. Yes.

Q. How long did you see them stay on their knees? A. Half an hour and sometimes an hour.

Q. See any longer than that, do you think, that you remember? A. No, it was just according to the penance, I guess.

Q. Sometimes they kept them a good deal longer, didn't they? A. Yes, sir.

VII

Nellie Drummy contributed her share in enriching this institution and did penance in the meantime, as she testifies here:

Q. Did you ever see anybody else do penance? A. Yes, I did.

Q. Who was that? A. Oh, I seen several girls have penance, and I seen Nora Conley have penance, I seen Jennie Purdy have penance, I seen Florence Nicholson have penance, I seen several have penance.

Q. What would they do for penance? A. Why, they would put what they called a bag dress on them, and things like that, and turn their dresses inside out.

Q. And would they kneel sometimes? A. Well, sometimes, yes.

Q. Kneel on the floor? A. Yes, sir.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

NUN'S SCHEME TO HOLD THE GIRLS.

I

The disreputable schemes of the nuns to keep the girls who are so unfortunate as to fall into their clutches are as multitudinous as they are base. Once when the massive doors of these places close behind a victim, plans are at once set in motion to hold the prize if possible till death them do part. Were I to relate all these schemes would require a volume in itself. On one pretext and another girls are kept for years even on court sentences of sixty or ninety days. Should the unfortunate victim have no friends on the outside to force their freedom, these nuns put them off on this excuse and that until weary years have come and gone, or until the mind gives away under the oppression, hard labor and brutal treatment, in which event the inmate would as soon be in the House of the Good Shepherd as in a palace. When girls enter these places their names are changed, and just as far as it is possible their identity is covered. Friends or guardians go and ask for a certain girl, and if the nun thinks she can bluff you she will at once make a pretence of examining the records and suavely inform you that there is no such girl in the institution at all. In most cases it takes legal steps to get an inmate out, and that

after they confess such inmate is in the house. Sometimes, when the inmate has friends, the nuns will railroad them to another institution, and many girls are forever lost to the world by this process. In the nunneries this is a most common practice, and thousands of nuns are never heard of by their parents and friends.

As an excuse for changing the names of the girls who go to the House of the Good Shepherd, the nuns tell us it is to protect the reputation of the family of the girl, but the testimony of little Mazie Robers will show there is quite another excuse:

Q. How did you come to get out? A. Well, I gave the girl the letter (a girl who was leaving the house), and she went and wrote twice to my aunt and told her how I was there and how I was treated there and how I had to work, so she came on Sunday.

Q. Who did? A. My aunt came.

Q. Then your aunt came? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And all the time she had that letter there, she didn't let you out then? A. No, sir.

Q. Well, how long after that was it before your aunt came? A. It was about three weeks or three or four weeks, or so.

Q. When your aunt came, then what? A. Why, she came up in the parlor, and she asked for me, and they said there was no girl there by that name. So she went out and she came near the fence, and there was a girl by the name of Ursula—don't know her first name, and she told me, "Mary, here is your aunt—is here near the fence," and she told me to come over and see her. So I went over. I told her to go up to the parlor, and she

said she was going to get a policeman if they didn't bring me.

Q. You say they first told your aunt that you wasn't there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What did you say about that, that the sisters told your aunt that you wasn't there first? A. The sister told my aunt there was no girl there by that name when she asked for my name.

This is only one example of the diabolical methods used by these nuns to camouflage the friends of girls in these places that they may hold them for the profit on their labors.

As to reforming them, the universal opinion of those who go there is that they are ten thousand miles farther from reform when they leave than when they come there. I wish to God that I could make this statement as strong as it really is. The laws of the land prevent me going into particulars as to all I mean. Decency prevents me even giving the testimony these girls give when they get out of these places. They all tell the same story.

II

But there is another scheme these nuns have for compelling these girls, or at least attempting to compel these girls, from exerting their rights when they become of age, and by this deception and falsehood gain three additional years' service from them.

Seline Clewett tells us when on the witness stand under oath that these nuns told the girls that they were of age only when they arrived at the age of twenty-one.

Q. Did you ever hear the sister—any of the sisters,

Seraphine or Zephrine, or any of the rest, tell the girls when they were of age, when they became of age? A. Twenty-one.

Q. What did she say about that? A. Said they were to kept in there until they were twenty-one.

Q. What did she say the law was? A. They were not to be let out.

Q. What did she say the law said about it? A. What do you mean?

Q. Well, did she say that the law said that they had to be twenty-one? A. Well, that is what was supposed to be meant.

Q. What did she say? A. Said they were to be kept there until they were twenty-one.

Q. How old did you girls think—when did you girls think you got of age? A. Eighteen.

III

Kate Conley gave the following, which substantiates the testimony of the plaintiff in this case against the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd:

Q. Did you ever hear any of the sisters in charge there say anything, say when the girls became of age? A. Well, they said they were of age at twenty-one; that the courts pronounced it some years ago.

Q. And did you hear any of the sisters say what they would do if any of the girls asked to get out? A. Well, if they asked to get out, they would punish them—if they were talking about it in their absence.

Q. What did they say they would do? A. Well,

they would, they said that they would put them in penance.

IV

Mazie Roberts gives this information on our subject:

Q. Now did you ever hear sister Zephrine there tell the girls when they became of age, how old they had to be? A. Twenty-one.

Q. Twenty-one? A. Yes Sir.

V

Josie Anderson was a member of the laundry brigade and a principal witness in the Clewett case. It was she who had a ninety day court commitment and stayed in the House of the Good Shepherd over the wash tub one year and seven months according to her testimony.

Q. Now did you ever hear the sisters say anything to the class there as to when they became of age? A. Yes sir, she says that the law was passed from eighteen until we would be twenty-one.

Q. What did you ever hear the sisters, say, if anything, that would happen if any girl asked to get out? A. Well, the girls was in the laundry one time and they were talking about getting out and so she clapped them all in the class, and she said if she would hear any one mentioning about getting out, that they were not of age, that they could not get out, she said that she would never let them out.

VI

Mother Zephrine was the nun who had jurisdiction over the reformatory wards, and when questioned by her

attorney after she had listened to the former inmates testify as to the schemes to retain girls, she gave this denial.

If an astute Jesuit could have replied with more craftiness we are mistaken in our judgment of Jesuit ability for guile.

Q. I desire to call your attention to the testimony of one or two witnesses to the effect that you told the inmates that the law had been changed and they would not be of age until they were 21, and ask you what you have to say about that? A. I have never made such a statement.

Q. You may state whether or not in any manner, and if you know, the question of coming of age ever came up or was mentioned by you? A. The only foundation that I can see for that was one evening at recreation the girls were all around me, laughing and talking over what they were going to do in the future, about when they were going out and different things, and one girl asked me if she would be of age when she was twenty-one. I said, "I doubt if you will be of age when you are forty-one."

I leave the reader to decide for himself between the testimony of this nun and the four or five girls who tell an identical story about the falsehoods these nuns told them. Most of these girls were under twenty-one and this sort of story would tend to quiet them and let these nuns get two or three years more work free of cost.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

REFORMATION WITH OUT SCHOOLS.

I

The head nun in the St. Paul House of the Good Shepherd makes her strong play for sympathy and public funds on the plea of maintaining a place where girls may be sent to safeguard them from the lures of the world, or reclaim those who have trusted too far the vicious tendencies of men. In a reformatory one would suppose that the intellect would get some doctoring as well as the physical part of the subjects. We shall see the attitude of this institution along that line.

Speaking of the inmates the attorney asks:

Q. Were they allowed the newspapers from the outside to read? A. Certainly not.

Q. Were they allowed any books to read? A. Certainly.

Q. What nature? A. Any kind of good literature.

Q. What literature did you furnish? A. Amusing books of some kind, the Youths Companion—some of those innocent amusements.

Q. Were there any regular studies taught there? A. Most of the girls there were over age, didn't come there for study.

Q. Did you teach, did you give any instruction in any studies? A. Yes, for a time they got it.

Q. Well, during the time the plaintiff was in that department? A. In the wash department there was only a short time to study.

Q. Only what? A. In the wash house department they weren't—they hadn't study, as they came there for reformation.

Q. Well, I know, and you say they didn't study? A. And didn't receive them with that intention—to send them to school.

Note—Two things should be taken account of in this woman's testimony. First, she falsifies, according to all the witnesses in this case when she says literature was furnished by the institution for inmates. In the room where they gathered on Sunday there were some old prayer books, and possibly some catechisms. There were no papers. There were no "Amusing books of some kind" as testified to by this nun.

Second, there was no school in the laundry department; had been no school there. One inmate was there ten and one-half years and they did not so much as teach her to read and write. Reformation with the washboard or the broom stick is the education nuns are best qualified to give.

II

Seline Clewett tells us the inmates were not allowed to read any papers at any time.

Q. Did they tell you you shouldn't? A. Yes sir.

Q. Did they allow you—what books did they allow you to read? A. Oh, they had some little books in

there, kind of cupboard where they kept a few books.

Kate Conley testified as follows:

Q. How long have you been in the house of the Good Shepherd out there? A. Ten years and six months.

Q. Over there? A. Yes sir.

Q. Under their care and you can't read and write? A. No, I can't.

Q. And all this time did they teach you, did they give you any books or any education at all? A. No, they didn't sir.

Jennie Purdy:

Q. Did they ever teach you anything while you were in there? A. No sir.

Q. Arithmetic or any thing of that kind? A. No sir.

Q. Did they give you any papers to read? A. No sir.

Q. Newspapers? A. No, we were not allowed to read newspapers.

Q. Did you ever go to school while you were there? A. I went about three days that I can remember; that is, when I was in the sewing department.

Q. Isn't it a fact you went a great deal longer time, that you went considerable part of the time? A. To School?

Q. Yes. A. No sir.

Q. You are sure about that? A. I am certain.

Most peculiar mode of REFORMATION to be sure. The state penitentiaries have very excellent libraries filled with the best of books, papers and magazines, and the management encourages in every way the inmates to make just as much use of them as possible.

Every intelligent person knows that the mind needs to be cultivated if we are to overcome the lower traits of character. Here is an institution that has the idea that you can reform and uplift tender women by pounding them with a washboard or a clothes stick, and working them sixteen hours a day.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

THE SECOND TRIAL.

In the March 4th, 1898, issue of the Omaha "American," published at Omaha, Nebraska, I take the following testimony, which may give the reader further insight into the working of this institution and the conditions under which these poor unfortunates existed. Kate Connolly testified that she was in the institution ten years and six months, was then twenty years old but could not read or write, and that the institution used to get barrels of stuff from the hotels and boarding-houses in the city. That it consisted of pieces of pies, corn bread, beans and things like that and meat, but that it would all be mixed up in barrels and that they would dish it up to the girls on plates. In other words, it was the slop barrels from the hotels and boarding-houses that was sent out there and fed to these poor unfortunate inmates.

Others testified that the girls were lousey and the place was infested with bed-bugs and all sorts of vermin. That premises were in a filthy condition except certain parts of it where they were going to invite some visitors for a mock inspection.

Rather than to go too far into detail in the testimony of this trial we will quote you from the "American," their summing up of the same, which reads as follows:

"We have not space to proceed as we have commenced, so we will give the more condensed report of the

sworn testimony of other witnesses furnished by our regular correspondent, Zambot, which is as follows:"

Kate Connolly testified that she was for ten years an inmate of the place. She was never taught to read and write. She was a virtuous girl when she entered the institution at St. Paul, and learned all her badness therein. "They say it (the house) is to save souls," she said, "BUT IT DAMNED MY SOUL!" She described the food as bad, the laundry cold, etc. She contracted diseases; her feet and legs were sore. Dr. O'Brien told her it was scrofula contracted in a way that she could not be to blame. She had worked till midnight and began at 3 o'clock A. M.; the inmates had to kneel when the mother provincial came, but sometimes Protestants did not kneel and were punished. Her dress was turned for refusing to work and her satchel taken from her. At one time she was set to watch Miss Clewett, an unwilling inmate, to prevent her escaping. Witness said a sister once struck her with a twisted pillow case. She saw Sister Valeria strike Francis Montaur and offer to whip other girls. Sometimes girls were made to kneel on the floor from a half a day to nearly a whole day.

For violating a rule witness was put in the "Black hole," from 9 A. M. till midnight. (The "Black hole" was a room in which there was no light.) When released she had to be carried out. She had heart disease at the time. Witness often saw other girls insufficiently clothed and had loaned them some of her clothing. After staying several years she ran away, but was caught by officer McBride and lodged in jail the same night, and

the next day was taken back without first being taken before court.

Miss Connolly, recalled, said that during her stay of ten years in the House of the Good Shepherd, "Big Blanch" a married woman 30 or 40 years of age, jumped out of a third story window and broke both her legs. She was angry because kept over-time, and witness learned that she died in the hospital of her injuries. Witness said she often gave her own clothes to other inmates. Looking toward a group of ladies about the sisters witness said spiritedly, "There is a girl in this room that has my black waist on, and I wish she would give it back. IT WAS TAKEN OUT OF MY TRUNK AFTER I LEFT."

Jenny Purdy was called and testified that Chief of Police Quigley, of Grand Forks, N. D., recommended her to the House, saying that it was a nice place for her, and that she would be instructed in reading, writing, etc., and after a while would receive wages, and could leave any time she did not like it. She came to St. Paul with the chief who was taking another girl to the Good Shepherd home. She was an inmate for over a year and escaped with two others by removing the bars of a window. A sister and an officer caught them, and they were released by the chief of police. The witness corroborated other witnesses as to hard work, bad fare, cruel treatment, the beatings, etc. She saw Sister Genevieve strike Florence Nichols. Mrs. Murphy went to help and they threw Florence on the floor and pounded her.

Julietta was whipped so THAT HER BLOOD RAN TO THE FLOOR and another girl wiped it up. "Julietta is at present with the sisters over there," said Miss Purdy.

Mazie Roberts was called and said that she worked in the laundry in the basement. She had NO UNDERCLOTHING IN THE WINTER and borrowed clothing from other girls. From April to July she had no shoes and went barefoot.

"Sister Bernard whipped me more than five different times," said Miss Roberts. Once witness was whipped with a clothes stick—AN ORDINARY BROOM HANDLE—for not washing clothes clean. She was unaccustomed to washing and did not know how to do such work well. She was slapped in the face in the ironing-room for looking around. Another time in the class room she accidentally tore another girl's dress and Sister Bernard punished her severely. She was kneeling and the sister STRUCK HER OVER THE EYE, MAKING A WOUND, the scar of which was exhibited to the jury. She was DRAGGED ABOUT THE ROOM AND SEVERELY BEATEN, her nose was jammed and made to bleed fearfully; and THE BLOOD SO SATURATED NORA QUEEN'S APRON THAT THEY WRUNG THE BLOOD OUT IN STREAMS; her own clothing was made bloody and she had to take them off and wash them herself. The next day she had to shovel snow outside for an hour in a black wrapper, an old pair of shoes and NO UNDERWEAR. Sister Bernard THREW HER DOWN STAIRS because she was not dressed for benediction. The same sister BLACKED HER EYE with a twisted towel. This same sweet sister whipped others; struck Edith Apple with a wash-board. When visitors came the inmates had to "slick

up" and "have a good time." She said Seline Clewett was a peaceable girl and a good worker.

Witness wrote letters to her aunt at Sheldon, Ia., asking her to get her out and gave them to the sister to mail. She never received an answer. She finally got a letter in the mail by handing it to a girl that was leaving the house. The aunt came to the Good (?) Shepherd and the sisters told her that there was no such person in the house. An inmate told Miss Roberts that her aunt was there and she ran into the yard and talked to the aunt through the knot-hole in the fence. Then the aunt returned and took the witness away.

Emma Cotta's testimony corroborated the story of Julietta's (Miss Roberts') punishment. Julietta ran away was caught, returned and WHIPPED TILL HER BLOOD FELL TO THE FLOOR IN STREAMS. It was she and Laurentine that wiped the blood from the floor. She also corroborated the story of hitting Edith Apple with a wash-board, also the brutal pounding of the aforesaid and others. During her stay Miss Clewett was continually talking of leaving. Witness told of a paralytic and epileptic negress inmate. The sisters did nothing for her and told the girls "not to mind her." Miss Cotta exhibited a lump on her hand which was caused by hard work in the laundry. WHEN MISS ROBERTS WAS BEATEN MOTHER ADEL SAID, "PITCH INTO HER," AND SISTER THERESE SAID; "POUND THE DEVIL OUT OF HER." MAZIE'S CLOTHING WAS ALL BLOODY. THE WITNESS SAID WHEN GENEVIEVE AND MISS MURPHY WHIPPED FLORENCE, GENEVIEVE BEGAN THE TROUBLE.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

THIRD TRIAL.

I shall endeavor to condense the evidence of the third trial even more than the second, and will quote from from the Independent Loyal American, published at Altoona, Pennsylvania, Saturday, April the 16th, 1898, and a St. Paul paper dated Thursday, April the 7th, of the same year.

"The third trial of this celebrated case closed yesterday, resulting in a disagreement.

This was no surprise to anybody who knew the make-up of the jury.

The attorney for the plaintiff, in his address to the jury, told them that they "Would not and could not agree." He said, "for the Catholics on the jury to vote for substantial damages in this case woud incurr the enmity and persecution of their families, and the church to which they belonged."

In referring to two girls who had been kept from almost infancy in the laundry department among notorious criminals and prostitutes at hard labor, and given no schooling whatsoever, he said that it caused him to feel as if he would like to dynamite the entire institution, and that the sisters, for this act alone, ought to have their throats cut.

He charged that the defense was composed of nothing but perjured testimony, from mother superior down,

That many witnesses for the defense, who had been coached to perjure themselves, when cross-examined, admitted the whole truth, and thereby gave the sisters the lie. But few religious institutions would attempt to avoid a fair and open trial, but this institution, with three of the best attorneys employed to defend it, had continually avoided and fought the introduction of any and all evidence which was nothing but current acts of this "hell hole." If it had properly conducted itself, why afraid of truth?

If all the doings within those walls and iron bars are right and proper, why be afraid to let the world know about it?

The conduct of this institution, its treatment of prisoners or inmates; the food but little better than swill; and the miscellaneous gathering of girls and women of all ages and characters into one large ward, as was shown to be the case here, is enough to condemn the whole system as a fraud upon the public and a breeder of sin and corruption.

Several girls testified upon the stand that they heard of sporting houses and divers, evil practices for the first time while at this place and thereby got there first lessons in crime and utter ruin. The whole scheme of this institution is to get money.

It has proven itself to be but a mammoth "Bunco game," to fleece the public and rendering nothing but evil in turn.

SUSAN CROW TESTIFIED.

First—That during the time when plaintiff was an inmate of the defendant house she was the superintend-

ent and in charge of that institution known as the House of the Good Shepherd of St. Paul, Minn., and, as such superintendent, all the other sisters, and all the inmates, were under her control and direction.

Second—That at such a time, one sister, whose name at the house was Sister Mary St. Justine, had entire charge of the laundry department, when the plaintiff, Seline Clewett, came into the house, in 1894; of course, this charge was under me.

Third—That the rule there about inmates leaving the institution was, that those who were under age and were brought there by friends, if those friends came and demanded their release, they could go. If they were over age and asked to go, if we considered them of good moral character, we would plead, urge and expostulate with them and try to persuade them to remain; but if they really wanted to go, and persisted in it we would let them go.

The following question was asked the mother provincial by plaintiff's attorney, and answer given, to-wit:

Q. How long did you usually keep up this argument, persuasion and expostulation against inmates leaving when they asked to leave, as you mentioned? A. As long as we thought it necessary, and for three days at least.

Fourth—That defendant keeps books of account showing all the items of receipts and expenditures, showing the source of all moneys received, and what was done with it.

Fifth—That it was a rule to not permit girls coming there to use their own name, or to tell such name to other

girls of the institution, but to use only such names as were given them by the sisters at their entrance.

Sixth—That all material rules and regulations were enforced by the sisterhood, as far and as fully as it was possible to do so.

Seventh—That the only religious ceremony which the inmates were permitted to see and observe in that institution was the Catholic.

Q. Do you allow Protestant inmates to go down town and attend the church of their own faith Sunday? A. Most certainly not.

Q. Do you exercise the right to lock the door and prevent Protestant inmates from going to the church of their faith on Sundays? A. They never asked to go.

A very equivocal answer, to say the least.

That Sister Lourdes certainly had more authority in the institution than the inmates, for the inmates had no authority at all. She had authority to oversee the work; also, watch anything unusual.

That when the plaintiff, Seline Clewett, came and remained there, she, the witness, was superintendent and in charge of the House of the Good Shepherd of St. Paul, Minn., and as such, all the other sisters and the inmates were under her control and direction.

That in 1894, when the plaintiff, Seline Clewett, came there, Sister or Mother Mary St. Justine, had entire charge of the laundry department, under the general direction of the witness.

That "I have the charge there," as the Mother provincial testified, and full control; just like the warden of a jail, or of any other institution.

Q. Did you ever give permission for Seline Clewett to go out during all the time she was there? A. No, sir.

Q. From the time that she came there until she left finally, did you ever consent to her leaving? A. No, sir.

Q. From the time that she came in until she finally left, did she ever go out with your consent? A. No, sir.

That this plaintiff, was placed in the same class, compelled to labor at the same work and under the same conditions that the so-called prisoners sent by the courts of St. Paul were; was fed at the same tables, slept in the same dormitories, placed behind the same locks, bolts and bars, subjected to the same indignities, humiliations and restrictions, except that the city prisoners had a limit to the term of their imprisonment and labor fixed by the courts, when they might hope for release; but the term of plaintiff's detention was limited solely by the will or (more properly or accurately speaking) the whim or caprice of this defendant, the mother provincial.

The fourth rule which governs in the production of evidence is that which requires the best evidence of which the case in its nature is susceptible. This rule does not demand the greatest amount of evidence which can possibly be given of any fact; but its design is to prevent the introduction of any which, from the nature of evidence is in the possession of the party. It is adopted for the prevention of fraud; for, when it is apparent that better evidence is withheld, it is fair to suppose that the party had some sinister (wrong, bad, evil, perverse, corrupt, wicked, sinful, criminal) motive for not producing it, and that, if offered, his design would be frustrated. The rule thus becomes essential to the pure administration

of justice.—I., Greenleaf on Evidence, 14th c., Ed. page 116. Seline Clewett says:

The first talk I had about going out from the House of the Good Shepherd was with Sister Lourdes, when I was in the sewing class. I was crying, and Sister Lourdes came up to me and asked me what was the matter? Asked me if I liked it there? I answered: "No; I want to leave and go out."

This statement is entirely uncontradicted, and hence stands an admitted fact.

Sister Lourdes was never a witness nor was her absence accounted for by the defendant.

The testimony of the plaintiff, which is uncontradicted, and hence stands as an admitted fact, is that the exposures of the laundry girls to cold wet feet, day after day, during winters, to which they were subjected in that laundry prison, were such that it produced, with many of the girls a stoppage of the monthly period and resulting sickness; that on one occasion she was sick from the same cause, and lay in bed for three days feeling very badly; that Sister St. Zephrine called to see plaintiff while she was thus sick and in bed, and plaintiff explained to the sister the character of her sickness, asking at the same time for medicine; but the "saintly" sister refused her any medicine; told her it was nothing, and compelled plaintiff, sick as she was, to get up and go to work.

Seline Clewett also says:

That about April, before she broke the window of the door in the cloister and got out and tried to escape, she had a talk with Sister St. Zephrine, and told her she (Seline) wanted to go out and leave the house.

This, however, was denied by Zephrine.

Cecelia Sterling, sworn:

Testified that she was an inmate of the House of the Good Shepherd in 1894, when Seline Clewett came in there; says Sister Justine was in charge of the laundry at that time and she was working in the laundry there; "I noticed when Seline was brought into the laundry that she was feeling very badly about something, and I noticed, also, that she was a new girl, and I asked Sister St. Justine if any new prisoners from the courts had been sent in. She said: 'No; that this girl had been in the class room for a few days, and she tried to get out; so she had thought it better to bring her into the laundry.' I noticed Seline was crying, and I asked her what was the matter; she answered and said she wanted to get out. A few days afterward I had a second conversation with Sister St. Justine, and told her Seline Clewett was crying and wanted to go out; Sister St. Justine answered that she (Seline Clewett) had promised to stay in there six months, and that she had got to stay that time, and she should not go before then."

Sister Justine was upon the witness stand and testified, denying the last conversation of Cecelia Sterling above given; but the first stated conversation with Mrs. Sterling was not once referred to nor denied. Hence, it is an admitted fact that she did tell Mrs. Sterling that the plaintiff (Seline) while "in the class room," "tried to get out," and for that reason she (Justine) "thought it better to bring her (Seline) into the laundry."

This brings home admitted notice to the defendants that the plaintiff wanted to leave and get out, within three days from her admittance, and establishes involuntary imprisonment from her entrance into that prison.

Testimony of inmates called by the defendant.

To contradict testimony offered by the plaintiff, to the effect that inmates were frequently inhumanly whipped and beaten defendant called several inmates of the house.

First, Anna Dupre, or "Ursula," as she was known in the house. Ursula said she had never been whipped, but on cross-examination, admitted that she was whipped on the head once with a shoe; that she was beaten once with a bed-slat, and was slapped once by a mother. Three other inmates were called, as follows:

Hattie McMurphy, whose house name is "Lourdes," and Mary Sullivan, whose house name is "Jeleta," and Edith Apple, Annie Saboski, known as "Germaine," and Mamie McMahon or "Frances."

On cross-examination, Lourdes testified that she was twenty-one years old and that she had been in prison in the House of the Good Shepherd fourteen years, two years in the sewing room and twelve in the laundry; that she was taken there at seven years of age from the orphan asylum. She finally admitted seeing Miss Roberts whipped once by Mother St. Bernard. Then she positively denied hearing a conversation which Mother Justine testified she had heard.

She further impeached the mother's testimony that plaintiff was put into the infirmary upon entering the laundry, and had her meals carried up to her for two weeks, by swearing that plaintiff was put into the dining room the very day she entered the laundry, and did dining room work for three months, when she was put at work washing and ironing. This impeached the mother in very

material matters. "Jeleta" testified on direct examination that she was never whipped, but on cross-examination finally admitted that she was whipped by Mother Matilda. She also swore that plaintiff worked in the dining room, as she claimed, and was not in the infirmary, as Mother Justine claimed. She also swore that she was thirty-three years old, and that she had been seventeen years in the House of the Good Shepherd—a prisoner.

Anna Saboski, known as "Germaine," has been in the house four years, was whipped by Luella Laughlin, or "Ermous," one of the old girls.

Mamie McMahon, or "Frances," had been there two years last January; was seventeen years old; was six months in the sewing room and the balance of the time in the laundry; was whipped once by Mother O'Dell, in the sewing room.

Edith Apple finally admitted that Mother O'Dell whipped her once. She was seventeen years old, and had been in this den four years.

The mothers all swore that whippings were never allowed, never happened, except when Mother Bernard slapped Mazie Roberts on one occasion, but these inmates gave them the lie in every particular.

Magdalenes Now Doing Washing.

This action of Miss Clewett has so extensively advertised the evils of this institution, and has proved to be such an educator to the inmates inside, as well as the outside public, that many inmates have demanded and secured their release while the public, including Catholics, has refused to furnish it with new recruits, thus reducing the number of inmates in the laundry to such

an extent that it has been compelled to transfer many of the Magdalenes from the sewing department into the laundry.

Thus has the exposure affected the business of this sectarian prison.

If this fight is kept up a few years longer—and the indications are that it will—the inmates will become fully informed of their rights as citizens and will not longer remain prisoners.

Standing of the Jury.

In all there were thirteen ballots taken. The twelfth ballot stood as follows:

For $20,000 .....7 votes
For 10,000 .....2 votes
For $10,000 .....1 vote
Against damages .....2 votes

Thirteenth Ballot—

For $20,000 .....9 votes
For 1 .....1 vote
Against damages .....2 votes

The votes for no damages were cast by Thomas Greeley and Thomas Donolan, both Irish Catholics.

Total number of Catholics on the jury, 4.

The reader will gather from the evidence quoted so far in this book, that Miss Clewett was working for a family who got into debt with her to the amount of $70.00 and that the easiest way to pay this would be to get her out of the way. She was then taken to this institution and was in there nearly four years, and it was only by good luck that she was not there the rest of her life. Further facts are brought out that girls and

women have been there for years and years without any chance whatever of them ever getting out. Two instances of girls who were sent there by the courts, one for six and the other for nine months, were in the institution twenty odd years. At the time of these trials this institution was running from sixteen to twenty laundry wagons in the city of St. Paul. However, at the present time (August, 1919), they do not bother with the smaller business and do laundry only for the large hotels, railroad Pullman companies, etc.

One will also note that the nuns of this institution would make it appear that these girls were not detained, at any rate were not kept there after they were of age, but the evidence shows very conclusively that they were not telling the truth and that, once inside, these poor unfortunates were at the mercies of these private slave drivers.

There were three different trials and all of them ended in a disagreement for the reason as you have, no doubt, already guessed, that a prospective juror could not be thrown off because he was a member of the Catholic church; on the other hand every Catholic tried to get on this jury, in order to be of assistance to his church. We will quote the following from the Independent Loyal American, you can judge for yourself as to the truth of prospective jurors' statements:

"Last Monday the selection of a jury began in the third trial of this so-called charitable institution for illegally detaining Miss Clewett.

Early Tuesday afternoon the jury was completed by

the selection to the following, four of whom are known Roman Catholics:

Geo. H. Graves, Luke B. Davenport, H. K. Harrison, Theodore F. Koch, E. D. Gadd, Henry Johnson, N. L. Hansen, E. R. Hubbell, Thomas Greeley, Thomas H. McIvey, Sidney S. McBurney and Thos. Donolan.

The case is being heard before Judge H. R. Brill, who conducted the first trial. The room chosen is Court Room No. 4, being but a small room, and the attendance is restricted to its seating capacity, thus depriving the public of any opportunity of hearing any more of the beauties (?) and inhumanities of this institution.

The Selection of the Jury.

The most interesting feature of the proceeding to date, was the frankness with which the non-Catholics answered all questions, admitting the reading of papers giving accounts of the previous trials, and also admitting when true—that 'they had formed opinions.'

On the other hand, when Catholics were drawn and asked the usual questions, most of them either denied having read the papers or having formed any opinions, and in about every instance would claim that, if permitted to sit on the jury, they would try the case 'fairly and impartially.'"

A sample of the answers:

Attorney, to an Irish Roman Catholic:

Q. Where were you born? A. In Ireland.

Q. Have you ever heard of this case before? A. Yes, a few times.

Q. Have you read the published accounts in any of the papers? A. Very little, very little.

Q. Have you formed any opinion relative to the merits of the case? A. No.

Q. Were you in attendance upon either of the previous trials? A. Yes, a few days.

Q. Have you expressed your opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant? A. No.

Q. Do you read the Northwestern Chronicle (Roman Catholic)? A. Sometimes.

Q. Are you a subscriber to that paper? A. Yes.

Q. How long? A. About two years.

Q. Have you read its published accounts of the trial? A. Yes, just a little.

Q. Then, if permitted to sit as a juror to try this case, you would endeavor to decide it in accordance with the evidence introduced and proven? A. Certainly.

In nearly every instance the Irish Catholics would thus do their best to have themselves retained upon the jury to try the case. On the other hand every non-Catholic believes, and has a right to believe, that if a single Roman Catholic is left upon the jury he will be at the bidding of the defense in the rendering of a decision.

They, however, are making history that will be printed and handed down to future generations.

It may be for their future good, or it may redound to their injury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROME'S WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

In theory, police departments, and the official and operative machinery thereof, are intended for the benefit of the general public: to protect and safeguard the rights and liberties of reputable, law-abiding citizens. But in actual practice their powers and prerogatives are prostituted, in many cases, into recruiting agencies for the greatest law-defying institution on earth.

By intrigue and conspiracy, by using their powers unlawfully, by threats, coercion, intimidation and cunning deception, they overawe the poor unfortunate, ignorant and frightened victim of their unholy designs, and the Roman Machine reaps a harvest of helpless souls to still further fatten the exchequer of her rapacious greed, and widen the scope of her lustful power.

Hundreds of innocent, trustful and trustworthy girls and young women flock to the cities of our country every day in the year, with honest intent and guileless faith, believing themselves able to better their condition in life because of the greater advantages offered by the city, as compared with the limited and often humdrum experiences of farm or village life. For a time possibly, all goes well, and the "home folks" are delighted with the glowing accounts of progress reported to them by their loved one in the great city. Suddenly correspondence ceases, and in alarm the devoted but sorrowful parents visit the city and search faithfully and earnestly for some trace of the lost. Finally their search leads them to the criminal court records, and what do they find? Arrested, sentenced, sentence suspended, paroled—and there it ends. Why does the trail drop out of sight in the one

place, if any, where some definite record should be found that would direct the search in the right channel, and enable the parents to find the missing child. Let the official records of the police department and the criminal court tell the story. These are instances brought practically down to date, and the blind trail is uncovered.

Sept. 11, 1917. Ruth Styffie. Arrested by Officers Berry and Donovan. Page 119, Matron's record. Original Judge, Montgomery. Transferred to Judge Smith. Sentenced to ninety days. Stay, and probation to Mrs. ——. The record shows the word "sent" over another word, followed by the letters H. O. G. S.

Sept. 12, 1917. Eleanor Ebenoh. Arrested by Mrs. Sharrett. Charge, vagrancy. Matron's record. Judge Smith. Sentence, ninety days. Stay, and probation to Mrs. ——. The word "sent" written over another word erased, followed by "to H. O. G. S." Jail record shows probation to Sept. 11th, 1918. Municipal Court record shows sixty days, and probation to Sept. 9th, 1918.

Sept. 14, 1917. Elizabeth Schultz. Arrested by Morrisey. Charge, petit larceny. Judge Montgomery. Ninety days, stay and probation to Mrs. ——. Again a word erased and the word "sent" written over it. Jail record shows probation to Sept. 14th, 1918. Court record shows probation to Sept. 9th, 1918.

Sept. 16th. Lena Withus. Charge, vagrancy. Judge Bardwell. Ninety days. Probation to Mrs. ——. Matron's record shows H. O. G. S. Later entry shows "sent home." Jail record the same. Court record shows probation to Sept. 19th, 1918.

Sept. 19th, 1917. Grace Moore. Matron's record. Arrested by Madison and Shields. Judge Bardwell. Sentence, ninety days. Stay, and probation to Mrs. ——. H. O. G. S. Jail record, probation, Mrs. ——, ninety days. Court record shows probation revoked Jan. 19th, 1918, and committed.

Dec. 19th, 1917. Freda Redmer. Matron's record. Arrested by Belair and Donahue. Judge Smith. (Written over an erasure). Ninety days, with stay. Word "sent" written over an erasure, to H. O. G. S. To be sent home. Court record shows "One Dollar or ONE DAY." Sentence SUSPENDED.

Why do not the records of the Matron, the Jail and the Court correspond? Why should any of the records be mutilated by alterations or erasures? Because of the intrigue and manipulation of the Papal hirelings and procuresses that infest the courts of Minneapolis—and every other city for that matter—to take advantage of just such helpless cases as those cited herein.

A judge cannot legally commit any person to a House of Good Shepherd. He must either commit to the Work House, or Reformatory. Sentence is pronounced and a stay given on probation. Then Rome's wolves get in their work. They persuade the victim that she can escape the infamy and humiliation of a sentence to a penal institution by choosing of her own free will to go to the House of Good Shepherd. They draw a beautiful picture of the benefits and advantages of such a choice, featuring that Pest House of Hell as a paradise of peace. Anyone not conversant with the facts, would naturally choose to escape the humiliation of a prison sentence if possible, and while worried, distracted and helpless, they fall easy victims to the hideous net so deftly spread by Papal seducers; consent to act as instructed, and thus being betrayed into making a choice of which they know nothing, are hurried away by those beasts in human form, and the world knows them no more. The Court record shows they were placed on probation—it does not show the female fiend in whose charge they were placed had conspired to violate the law and deprive a human being of freedom, by spiriting her way to a Roman Prison Pen, under the pretense that the victim had so chosen.

Attention is especially directed to the last case cited, that of Freda Redmer. From the best information obtainable after close investigation, it seems that the judge

was not satisfied that this girl had been guilty of any serious infraction of law, and held the case over for a day for consideration. Immediately the Roman she wolves spirited her away to the H. O. G. S. Later the judge recalled to mind the fact that this case had not met with final disposition and called it up. When he learned that the girl had already been imprisoned, he made the sentence "one day" and ordered her release.

Was she released? She was taken to the H. O. G. S. on December 19th. She was still there when the judge passed sentence that released her. But, through the help of another inmate who had been released, and who gave the facts to an attorney, Miss Redmer was released on February 4th, 1919. If legally committed at all in the first instance, every day she was held there after December 20th, she was so held in DEFIANCE of the law of our land. But Rome has laws of her own; she does not recognize, respect or obey the laws of this country; she is not bound by any law, rule or regulation save those of her own making. How long will the citizens of this great country, quietly and tamely submit to such atrocious conduct on the part of an alien contingent that is as hopelessly un-American as it is viciously un-Christian?

How many girls are now confined in these Roman pest houses? God alone knows. Entering there they are obliged to assume a new name; are forbidden to give the true name to any other inmate; are BURIED ALIVE to all intents and purposes. A friend or relative seeking information of a person by her real name is told "No such person here," and yet that helpless victim IS there, almost within the sound of the voice of those who seek her, yet unable to make known her presence or her desires. Can a more cruel and excruciating HELL be imagined? And yet we allow this, in the name of a crucified Christ. The blush of guilt should mantle the cheek of every Protestant, and instead of lifting voice in prayer, should hide in shame before the face of

Almighty God so long as they permit such unspeakable atrocities to find place and profit for a soulless ecclesiastical octopus in this, our "free" America.

Only by the merest chance does a victim, once immured, find release. Occasionally some trace is found, and an inmate released by legal action by friend or relative. Whenever one is finally released, she is thoroughly searched before being allowed to depart. Once in awhile one will be found with enough remaining courage to take a chance, and take with her to the outside the names of her former slave associates. Such was the case with the Redmer girl. Another girl was released, and she hid in her shoe the names and addresses of several other inmates, among them Miss Redmer. Someone was found with interest and courage enough to take action, and their release was secured. If something like this is not done; if no one gives it any thought, or is too self-complacent and self-centered to take any action that does not involve self-interest, the immured victims wear away their hopeless lives in unending toil, and finally find eternal release and undisturbed repose in the private graveyard which is a part of every Papal institution of that character; "consecrated ground" the hypocrites term it.

Talk to some of the judges from whose courts Rome recruits her army of slaves. Some may tell you that they understand the Board of Control of Minnesota gives a judge the right to commit to the H. O. G. S. If such statement is made, call attention to the verdict rendered by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, the highest legal tribunal of the State. An unfortunate girl was sent to the H. O. G. S. by a judge in St. Paul. Action was taken to obtain her release, and the case went up to the highest court. That tribunal decided that among other things even

> "The legislature has no power to enact a law authorizing Judges of Criminal or other courts to commit persons to the H. O. G. S."

And the verdict goes into detail giving reasons why no such law can be constitutionally enacted.

Some other judge may answer that he usually gives the defendant an option of being sent to a reformatory, or be paroled in the care of the police matron, whom he knows will immediately take the victim to the H. O. G. S. In that way he eases his wobbly conscience—if he has any at all except one tainted with Romanism—by claiming that he did not "send" her; she went of her own choice. In other words he suspends over the head of the unfortunate and helpless victim the threat of prison, or a parole that is **indescribably** worse.

If a highwayman suddenly confronts you with a loaded automatic, the while you are unarmed, and demands that you surrender your money or be shot, quite naturally you would rather give up your cash than to be shot. That highwayman might just as consistently—**and conscientiously**—argue in his defense that he **gave you your choice.** What is the difference in the argument? What is the difference between the **excuse of the judge** and that of the **highwayman?** If I were on a jury trying the two cases, my sympathies would be with the highwayman—he at least seldom tackles helpless and defenceless **women and girls.**

Let us cite another instance, in some phases the most damnable of all: A young woman whose home life was unpleasant because of a stepfather, came to the City and obtained employment with a Public Service Corporation. She worked there for a long time, and there was never a word of complaint against her; her services were satisfactory and her conduct above reproach. During the time of her employment she managed to maintain herself and at the same time contribute to the support of two very young brothers.

She was neat, attractive and pleasant mannered, and quite naturally was the recipient of some attention from the young men she met, but held herself aloof until the right one, the one man in all the world to her, came

along and in due time pressed his suit. Just how this girl became a victim of the espionage and lust of the Romish devils is not exactly clear, but the fact remains that they sought her out, and from that time on, for several weary months, her existence was a veritable Hell on earth.

She was engaged, the wedding day was fixed, and with commendable thrift she and her affianced set about preparing a home. On the day before the wedding was to be solemnized, while arranging the furniture and fittings of the home they were to occupy, she and her husband-to-be were both arrested by one of Rome's procuresses with the authority of a police-woman.

They were taken to the police station, and incarcerated in separate cells, of course, and no communication was allowed between them, save through the medium of this she-devil in the robes of authority. For two or more days they hounded these poor unfortunates, charging them with all sorts of crimes and misdemeanors, until they were well nigh distracted. The young man was charged with **inciting a riot.** Think of it. Alone with the girl he was to marry within twenty-four hours, both engaged in fitting up the home they were to occupy as husband and wife, and yet "inciting a riot." He was an honest, hardworking, well-intentioned young fellow, but illiterate. He had never enjoyed the advantages of an education. He could neither read or write. In fact he was born of Catholic parents, and was one of the samples of Catholic training. Naturally he was distraught beyond expression, and grieved to the extent of despair because of the predicament of the girl he fondly loved.

The female fiend worked assidously to persuade the girl that her only refuge from a prison sentence was the House of Good Shepherd. She managed to obtain a sort of half consent, impelled by fear. Then she repaired to the cell of the young man and pictured to him the humiliation and misery of a long prison term, but told him

all that could be avoided if he would consent to let the girl go to the H. O. G. S. for one year, and they in tender mercy would accept her in that institution if he would contribute TEN DOLLARS per month toward the maintenance of the girl while she was an inmate. Again ignorance and fear took their toll, and the young man consented.

Mark you, the Court had not ordered this; the Court knew nothing of it; it was all the diabolical work of the police-woman, wearing the livery of justice under the laws of America, and serving the devil as a subject of the Pope of Rome. Persuading the girl that over-work, and worry because of family troubles at home were undermining her health, and that the sole and only purpose was to send her away to a place where she would have nothing to do but rest and recuperate; intimidating the young man by making him believe that the girl wanted to go to save the humiliation and disgrace of a prison sentence, and then gouging ten dollars a month out of him for the privilege of making a slave of the girl he loved. Can you conceive of trickery and intrigue more atrocious and damnable?

Then, under the charge of this same she-devil, they were taken to St. Paul, the young man going along and carrying the suitcase of the girl, to make it appear that she was going of her own free will, by and with the consent of the only friend she had on earth.

But, even after this part of the diabolical plan was perfected, the young man was not satisfied. He knew he had done no wrong, and when he was finally brought before the judge and the charge was made known, "inciting a riot," the judge almost smiled in the face of the police-woman and the young man was promptly discharged. That set him to thinking, and after a time he concluded that the proper thing to do was to consult a lawyer, which he did. Fortunately he went to one who is a patriot; one who knows of the plans and pitfalls of Rome, and he took prompt action to have the

girl released. Now listen to the story as told by the young man to his attorney:

On December 13th, when I went to St. Paul, I asked Mother St. Joseph when I could again see the young lady. She said I could see her again the following Sunday, and then not for two weeks.

"Did you see her?" Yes. "Did you have a talk with anyone in charge of the House of Good Shepherd?" Yes, I talked with Mother St. Joseph.

"What was the conversation that day?" I told Mother St. Joseph that I wanted to get the girl out, but she said I could not.

"Do you remember just what you said to her?" I do not remember.

"But you asked her if the young lady could go away with you?" Yes, and she said she could not release her yet, and said further that she knew nothing about it.

Then the attorney made out a written demand upon the H. O. G. S., gave it to the young man and he went to St. Paul, took the girl out of the place and brought her home. If he had not thought of going to an attorney, do you suppose that girl would ever been released? Do you suppose those human scavengers would have let go their hold upon so profitable a catch; a girl slave earning large sums for them by her labor, and her friend and affianced husband contributing ten dollars in addition?

But, the story is not ended by any means. The young people were married and settled down to housekeeping. In a few short months came the draft, and the young man was drawn. Like a true American, the wife waived her rights, told her husband to go and do his duty as a true citizen; that she would again take up employment and maintain herself until the war was over.

But, nature had a hand in her plan, and after a short time she found it impossible to continue her employment, as she was about to become a mother. They had given up their home when the young husband went to

war, and she was living in a boarding house. Without income, after she stopped working, the future presented a most discouraging problem. As a last resort she applied for admittance to the Maternity Hospital. Unfortunately, one of Rome's eagle-eyed servitors gained knowledge of this, and again the Hounds of Hell were on her track. She was refused admission to an institution presumably intended for just such cases. In the meantime an allotment had been received from the government, and with sterling honesty the young wife turned it over to her landlady, who had been as kind and helpful as her circumstances would permit, and when the Roman parasites learned this she was roundly denounced, told to get up and go to work, and not lie around seeking assistance as an object of charity.

One of the patriotic women of the city learned of the case and at once applied to one of the largest and most widely known philanthropic organizations of the country for assistance for this helpless young wife, whose husband was offering his life in defense of his country. Did she get it? After explaining the circuitous methods of red tape, longer than a Romish catechism, she was informed that the organization would make a loan, but it would have to be repaid. But the patriotic woman insisted, and was finally told that it was plainly seen that she was unfitted to undertake any work of that kind; that first she would have to go through certain courses of instruction, and when she had she would have learned that persons engaged in that form of work must not have a heart. As a matter of fact the name of that institution should be given here, that people might know just how some of its branches are being managed. Taking advantage of war conditions, the Papal Hierarchy imposed terms that made it possible to put some of their henchmen in official position with this institution, and the result is plainly manifest in this instance.

But something had to be done, and was done. This woman went to a certain patriotic organization in this

city; told her story, and then and there a movement started that resulted in raising a fund sufficient to take care of the young wife until the husband returned, and a place was found where the greatest attention and the most tender care were given her, almost without money and without price, at least the loving, tender, gentle ministrations of those in charge were not purchasable commodities. And what institution was it that opened its doors against the rules and regulations by which it is regularly and ordinarily governed? Well, we will mention the name this time, that our readers may know the difference between the true and the false—it was the Salvation Army. Let the Red Cross look to its laurels and de-Romanize itself.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dante's Inferno Visualized And Applied by the Papal "System."

No doubt the perusal of the first chapters of this book will have impressed the reader with the fact that conditions were unspeakable in the H. O. G. S. twenty years or more ago. The previous chapter will demonstrate that conditions have not changed—that Rome in this as in other things makes good her boast that she never changes—for the events recited in that chapter bring us practically down to date. What obtained in the H. O. G. S. in St. Paul twenty years ago undoubtedly held good in every similar institution, and they have them scattered all over the country from Maine to California. What was true twenty years ago is true today —the inquisition of the dark ages brought down to date with a refinement of cruelty that must make the Devil green with envy.

The writer has talked with no less than fourteen girls who were quite recently inmates of that human slaughter house. Some of them were gotten out by attorneys, others by the police woman who had them in charge—this because someone had found the blind trail and was hot in pursuit—others because they had become physical wrecks and were of no more use to the institution.

The reader ought to be able to decide for him or herself what disposition should be made of an institution of that character, after considering the testimony, in condensed form, given by those who have experienced the tortures of a living death. They all tell the same story,

varying only in the language used, and there must be some truth—they could not possibly concoct such a tale out of nothing. The following is the testimony they give:

They are required to get up at five-thirty in the morning and congregate in what is known as the "throne room," where a Nun sits on the throne, and they all must kneel as they appear before this representative of an Alien Power that knows no law save its own. At six o'clock they are taken to mass, and those two occasions are the only ones at which the inmates are all together at one time. The Catholic victims wear white veils at mass, but the heretics are compelled to wear black veils —"Devil's Veils" the inmates term them—to distinguish the "elect" from the "damned," if there can be any distinction in a place so doubly damned of and within it self.

After mass they are taken to breakfast, which consists as a rule of stale bread, without butter, and a weak tea or coffee without cream or sugar. Sometimes they are given a cereal for breakfast, but no milk or sugar. Sometimes they may be given a substitute for butter, which is invariably rancid, and sometimes a mush which as a rule is sour, and composed of almost anything, but none can tell of any one thing.

Then they are sent to the laundry where they toil through the forenoon. Some are taken back to the dining room at noon, while others must remain in the laundry. Those who have to remain usually take with them some bread when they enter the laundry in the morning. Those who return to the dining room are given a dinner composed of stale bread and some kind of stew; meat that is sour, and all kinds of vegetables mixed in a mess that actually stinks. Some of the testimony given in former trials stated that some of the stuff fed those girls was brought to the institution in garbage barrels.

On week days they stop work in the laundry at six o'clock in the evening, except on Saturdays, when they

work straight through until eleven o'clock or perhaps later. Perhaps this late labor is necessary in order to get out the washing for the sanctified Protestants and high brow hotels that patronize this sink of pestilential iniquity.

Many of the girls have running sores on their hands and faces. They are all required to wash hands and faces in a large basin, and all the girls in a ward use that one basin. Imagine the condition of that water by the time it passes down the line of a dozen or more girls with running sores on hands and faces.

Each girl must wash the dishes she uses in eating, and that is done by dipping plate, cup, knife and fork into one dish of water as it is passed along the line. (May be for the sake of economy that same water is used to make the so-called "mush"—it certainly must be "rich" in animal, if not vegetable matter by the time it has served forty or fifty girls.)

When a girl gets sick it is almost impossible to get a doctor, or any medical attendance. Those in charge will not call in a doctor if possible to avoid it. One inmate tells of a girl who was taken seriously ill, but they would not call a doctor. After several days of suffering they evidently realized the dangerous condition of the sick girl and called a physician. He came, but too late. She died within a short time after he was called. That was about five o'clock on Thanksgiving day. She was buried early next morning in their "private" cemetery. And this occurred only one short year ago. No burial permit; no death certificate; no observance of any law save that of ROME, and she MAKES her OWN in spite of our law.

The girls of today meet the same punishment that was inflicted on their inmates of twenty years ago. ROME NEVER CHANGES. Confinement in a dungeon is one form of CHRISTIAN punishment inflicted. Another very popular form is compelling them to kneel on the hard floor for HALF A DAY AT A TIME, and

in some instances TWO WHOLE DAYS. (Think of it, Mr. and Mrs. Protestant, when next you kneel to pray.)

In the evening the girls are made to do sewing and fancy work, and are told it would be sent to the WIVES OF THE JUDGES AND POLICEMEN who sent or brought them to that institution. And when so sent, they add insult to injury by COMPELLING those helpless victims to write a note to be sent along with the piece of fancy work, stating that they are so grateful to the kind hearted judge or all-merciful policeman for finding them such a good place.

Little girls of four and five years of age are there, shaking out and helping to dry clothes in the laundry. There are old women there; have been there so long they have lost track of time. So long as they are physically able to work, they are retained. To comfort one of the younger inmates who was crying because she was locked up and no one knew where she was, one of the old women said: "After you have been here as long as I have you will forget all about the outside world, and will rather stay than be turned out in a cold world among total strangers." Asked how long she had been in there, she said: "Since I was twelve years old, and I am nearly fifty now." Why was she sent there? She did not know who put her there nor WHY.

They never see a daily paper; never have a book to read except the Romish catechism and prayer book. They are never permitted to see anyone who comes there, unless that person should happen to know they are there. They are given a new name when taken in, are not allowed to use their real name, and are forbidden under penalty of telling their right name to any other inmate. Some have relatives who know they are there, and they are permitted to see them for a few minutes, but always in the PRESENCE OF A NUN. When the relative or friend would ask if they wanted to get out, or if they were treated right, or anything of a similar nature, the nun who was holding the girl's hand, apparently in the

most kind and loving manner, would use her thumb nail on the girl's knuckle to warn her against saying anything they did not want her to say. In one instance a girl was talking to her mother who had called to see her, when the nun who was with her was called to the telephone. SHE TOOK THE GIRL WITH HER WHEN SHE WENT TO ANSWER THE PHONE—WOULD NOT LEAVE HER ALONE FOR EVEN A MINUTE OR TWO WITH HER OWN MOTHER.

The girls say that once or twice a year some of the judges of the Twin Cities, and the police women, are invited to visit the H. O. G. S. Then the girls are all "dolled up" as best they can be with what they have, and they try to put on a play or give some entertainment, some of them singing and reciting, while others serve refreshments. But only the girls who are in the MOST PRESENTABLE condition are seen; the others remain hidden. If a judge should show curiosity and ask to be shown through, they will only take him to CERTAIN PARTS AND PLACES of the institution. The visit and so-called INSPECTION is a FARCE. Yet one judge stated that the stories of cruelty, inhumanity, slavery and degradation were all exaggerated, as he had personally inspected the institution. His story was and is the exaggeration—in fact it was and is a plain LIE.

Let one of the recently escaped victims tell her story and the hideous recital will close. A book the size of an unabridged dictionary would not contain all the truths that might be revealed, but there is enough in this modest volume to awaken anyone not absolutely lost to all sense of honor, decency, loyalty and righteousness. Read and ponder the following:

"When I reached the H. O. G. S. the policewoman said to Mother St. Joseph, 'Here is the young lady that I called you up about.' She then talked to the Mother in a low tone so that I could not hear what she said. She then told me to take the clothes I would need out of the grip, so that my friend could take them back with him.

She then said to Mother St. Joseph: "I think she is a good girl, but she needs rest." She then left me in charge of Mother St. Joseph. Then the Mother said: "We give every girl who comes here a name, and I do not want you to go by your worldly name, and I do not want you to tell the other girls anything about your worldly name or affairs." She then turned me over to another woman, telling her to give me a bath, comb my hair and give me something to eat. This woman took me to a bathroom, helped me with my bath, and gave me some underclothes to wear. I put on my own dress, however.

She then took me to the dining room. This was about six-thirty in the evening. Some of the girls had finished eating, while others were eating, and some clearing the tables. I had for my supper bread and weak tea or coffee. I had a little gravy to put on my bread; no butter. The other girls said I had been given an extra fine meal. Some of the other girls afterward told me I had been given an extra fine meal because I had just come in.

My bed was on the second floor, in a small room off the dormitory. The beds in the large dormitory were in various stages of dilapidation. Some of the girls had to sleep on the floor, some on couches. There was always someone in the dormitory watching the girls until they went to sleep. There were also special Nuns in the dormitory who slept there so as to know what was going on. We got up in the morning at five o'clock and went to mass.

After mass we would have to sit still until the doors leading out of the building were locked, and then we were led out by one of the Nuns down to the dining room where we had to say prayers again. Then we had breakfast (which has been previously described), and then to prayers again, which took about half an hour.

Those in charge while I was there permitted the other girls to impose upon me, calling me names, etc.,

without interposing any objection. I was then taken upstairs to get instructions from some of the other girls about crocheting and making fancy work. I was told this work went to the wives of the judges and policemen.

The girls were punished if caught talking with each other, and the only way we could communicate was by whispering when the Nun in charge was too far away to hear. In some way the Nuns seemed to know everything that was going on, and there must have been someone among the girls that was a spy.

On the second and third floors there were a larger number of cells with scarcely any light, in which the girls were confined when they became too hysterical. I was told there were girls in there so long they had forgotten the time. In one case there was a woman fifty-two years old who had been there for forty years. There are several others who have been there almost, if not quite as long. I felt so badly when I found that I had been locked up that I cried, and a woman was sent in to talk to me. She said that when I had been there as long as she had I would like it. She said she had been there forty years. The windows of the building in which I was confined were all barred with iron.

There was one large tub or basin in which all the girls had to wash. It had to accommodate about one hundred and fifty girls. There was also one bath tub, and that had to accommodate the same number. Once a week a girl would be given a towel about 8 by 24 inches in size. The bath tub was not properly cleaned after being used, and some of the girls were afflicted with some sort of skin disease; had running sores on hand and faces. The first day after taking my bath I was very uncomfortable; I think there must have been something on the tub, for my body burned severely afterward, and it was several days before that feeling left me. I refused to bathe in that tub afterward. Many of the girls were lousy, and sanitary conditions generally were

very bad. Vermin infested the place, and could be seen crawling over the beds and on the walls. Many of the girls slept on the floor in preference to the beds.

Because of the long hours they were compelled to work and the lack of substantial food, many of the girls would faint at their work. They were permitted to lie down for only a very few minutes, and then compelled to get up and go to work again.

There was a certain girl in the H. O. G. S. by the name of Eunice. I was informed by a girl named Redmer—who was once an inmate—that this Eunice came to her while confined in the jail in the city, and told her what a nice place there was over in St. Paul; that she could go there if she expressed a desire to do so, and that she believed if she (Redmer) went she would find it a very nice place, where she would be well cared for, and would not have to work. Miss Redmer's mother was dead; her father could not speak or understand English very well, and believing this Eunice agreed to go to the H. O. G. S. She begged me to help her get out.

At one time my friend came to see me, and I was permitted to talk with him in the presence of Mother St. Joseph. While we were talking, she was summoned to the telephone. Another Nun at once took her place, so that I was not allowed a moment of private conversation. During all the time I was talking this Nun held my hand, apparently in the most kind and affectionate manner, but if I started to say something they did not want me to say she squeezed my hand to prevent my continuing.

And thus the damnable history is recorded, not by one, not by two, but by a multitude that by some fortune managed to escape the vile clutches that held them prisoners; "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ" that the tales are not manufactured, are not concocted in some brain gone mad with the thought of revenge, but TRUTHS revealed with the hope that a just and merciful

God will raise up someone with courage enough to start a movement that will roll away the stone of hypocrisy and greed from this hideous and loathsome tomb of living death.

CHAPTER XX.

The Cross of Christ Degraded to a Symbol of Crime.

Someone has written, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a jail." The author of that had never seen the inside of a H. O. G. S.

A government within a government. Alien, seditious, inhuman laws put in force and effect by an alien, sectarian, heathenish power, in defiance of the law of the land in which their human charnel houses and death traps are allowed to exist.

No medical attendance in case of illness. No physician's certificate in the event of death. No burial permit; no notice to friend or relative; no funeral announcement or ceremony, but a hasty and secret burial before day dawns, that darkness unconsciously may help to "cover the multitude of sins."

Long hours of labor in violation of the statutes of the sovereign State of Minnesota. Women and children crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Rome's lust and greed, while ignorant, skeptical or infected judges are particeps criminis.

The constitution of the United States declares: Article IV—"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated."

Article V declared: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury * * * nor be deprived of life, liberty or property except by due process of law."

Article VI declares: "In all criminal prosecutions

the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have counsel for his defense."

The Magna Charta of Old England—Sec. 39—states emphatically: "No freeman shall be taken, or exiled, or imprisoned, or dis-seized, or outlawed, or in any way harmed * * * save by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land."

All of this and these are ignored, violated, spat upon and trampled under the desecrating feet of the Roman beast in every land and every clime wherein her lustful and inhuman greed finds foothold, and there seems to be none to say her nay. Yea, more, there also seems to be a plentiful supply of political henchmen who cater to her desires, and "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

And how long is this condition of affairs to exist in this boasted land of freedom? Just bear in mind this fact, that so long as corrupt politicians are allowed to follow their usual methods of securing power; so long as Roman Catholics are elected to sit in judgment in our courts; so long as the police forces and departments are manned and operated by Roman Catholics; so long as our public schools are dominated and controlled by the hirelings and sycophants of Rome; so long as our Protestant churches continue to rail at a harmless ball game or picnic on Sunday, instead of going about their Master's business; so long as they continue to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," so long will Rome flourish, and so long will the bruised, bleeding and famished bodies of her unwilling and helpless victims continue to be broken on the wheels of her iniquitous lust and greed.

But the day of a clearer and more righteous judgment is dawning. Already the watchmen from their posts are announcing the rising sun of justice, and its

beams are even now reaching the cross-tipped spires of Rome's palaces of crime.

Somewhere, and that soon, will rise another Luther who will nail to the door of every one of Rome's defiant structures the ultimatum of an awakened and outraged people, and it will not need a prophet to interpret the writing—he who runs may read—and Rome, reading must understand, for the dictum will be, THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO AND NO FARTHER.

And if that is not plain enough; if any there be who feigns not to understand, or whose neck is so hardened that he will not give heed, there will be some one—not a prophet but an ONE HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN CITIZEN—who will interpret its meaning and announce to all people for all time that Roman domination must cease, and that quickly and forever, or Roman extermination will begin and never cease, until the very last vestige of her unholy power is sunken into the stygian darkness of eternal oblivion. Mark this prediction, Rome will change, because she will be COMPELLED to change or DIE. There is no room in any land or clime for LIBERTY and Romanism at one end the same time.

And the burden and responsibility of the change must and does rest with the Protestant people of America. The crisis is here and must be met. Put into the hands of every candidate for office, male or female, a copy of this book. Give every candidate to understand that he will stand or fall, live or die, as he interprets his duty under the demands of righteousness. Alien governments must cease; sectarian institutions of torture, imprisonment and slavery must be eliminated. Monasteries, convents and other institutions must open their doors wide and willingly, at the demand of civil authority, or be razed to the ground. Parochial schools must be prohibited, and the public school of our American government be the only system of primary instruction

permitted. To maintain the purity of the stream of patriotism the fountain head must be purified.

And those of you who think such drastic action is unnecessary; who in self-complacency sit by warm firesides in comfortable homes; who go to church in a perfunctory manner, and give of your substance as pride may dictate or prudence suggest, just remember that you in common with others are but stewards of the Most High, entrusted with talents for use and development, and if you seek to escape by making false returns, or bring back only that which was first given you, turn again to the words of Him who has arisen and sitteth at the right hand of the Father:

"HE WHO KNOWETH HIS MASTER'S WILL AND DOETH IT NOT, SHALL BE BEATEN WITH MANY STRIPES."

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